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Events of the Week.

A FRESH chapter of storm and danger in the life of Europe began on Tuesday when the Allies handed to Herr von Lersner, the German Chargé d'Affaires in Paris, the list of the 880 "war criminals" whose extradition they demand. He at once returned the list, which his sense of honor forbade him to forward to Berlin, and announced his own resignation. Though this was only a hot personal demonstration, it raises the temperature, and is doubtless only the beginning of a national resistance to an intolerable demand. The German Government declaring that the demand for extradition was impossible, "and must lead to the most serious convulsions," practically declines to co-operate, and offers instead a German Court with Allied participation. The Democratic Party has already called for the resignation of its members from the Coalition Ministry, if it should bow to the Entente's orders. The list submitted by Great Britain is relatively moderate, though even it runs to ninety-seven names, but it is composed chiefly of submarine or prison camp commanders, who are charged with exceptional inhumanity. France and Belgium, however, each call for 334 "criminals," and include in their list, the Crown Prince, Prince Ruprecht, General von Kluck, Admiral von Kapelle, Bethmann-Hollweg, Hindenburg, and Ludendorff, while Roumania asks for Mackensen! Nearly every honored name in modern Germany—Bismarck, Moltke, Bülow—is included. We discuss elsewhere this unprecedented scheme of vengeance, which lies wholly outside the scope of the Fourteen Points, which Germany accepted when she laid down her arms. By submitting enemies to the judgment of enemies, it flouts every canon of impartial justice. It may end by upsetting the German Republic and redoubling the moral, political, and economic chaos of Central Europe. The German counter-proposal, for trials before a German Court with Allied prosecutors, subject to an appeal to an international tribunal, would have served every legitimate purpose much better.

THE official letter which Mr. Glass, as Secretary of the American Treasury, has addressed to the American Chamber of Commerce, seems to end all hope that the United States might come to the rescue of Europe in its present economic chaos. All schemes for international bond issues, or guarantees, or international measures for the stabilization of the Exchanges, are dismissed as "impracticable." Equally decisive is the refusal to encourage credits for the export of raw materials or other goods to Europe. The argument on which these unqualified refusals are based is a rather superior sermon on self-help, composed by a man who hardly realizes what the condition of Central Europe is. The only remedies are, he tells us, that Europe must live within her means, tax herself adequately, float internal loans, and proceed to rectify her Exchanges by exporting gold, or failing gold, then goods and securities. There is no gold left in Central Europe to export, and no foreign securities worth mentioning. If there were, they are already mortgaged for the indemnity. As for goods, they imply raw materials, and these with the mark at 1d. and the krone at 1d., can only be got on credit. Even then, with France insisting on the letter of the indemnity demands, whatever Germany or Austria could export would, in effect, be a payment due to the Allies. The really salutary passage in the letter is the last, in which Mr. Glass advises the Allies to reduce their indemnity claims "to a determinate amount which Germany may reasonably be expected to pay."

* * *

It is intelligible that America should refuse to assist a Continent so mad as ours, so long as the madness continues to rage. But a strong American Government might well adopt a more constructive and resourceful attitude than this. The statesmanlike course is surely not to refuse all help, but rather to offer help on terms. Europe's need of financial assistance is so desperate that America could very well dictate. There can be no beginning of reconstruction until the Peace Treaties are modified. Not only must the indemnity be reduced (as Mr. Glass sees), but the coal tribute must be abandoned or greatly modified. How can Germany get to work with less than half the pre-war quantity of coal available for industrial and domestic needs? How can she manufacture with a fourth of her iron-ore supply? The obstacle to any revision is, of course, France. France will not abate her claims against the enemy, unless she sees help forthcoming from some other quarter. But might she not drop these wholly fantastic and unattainable demands in return for the reality of American assistance?

* * *

MR. HOOVER, who is nearly as decided in rejecting the idea of a loan as Mr. Glass, did on one point come near this strategy. He justly said that it is useless to do much for Austria, until she is allowed eventually to unite with Germany. True. But it is France who vetoes her union, and must veto it, for her whole plan of encirclement pivots upon it. France will be unmoved by the threat to leave Austria unaided. France, however, might be induced to drop her veto on union, if by so

doing she might qualify for some substantial American help. This policy may seem too large and altruistic. But, in fact, even America is already suffering from the state of Europe. None of us can now buy from her, owing to the Exchanges. She will soon be suffering from a glut of unexportable surpluses. Even Lancashire may soon be unable to buy cotton. That may be disastrous for us, but it will not be good for the Southern States.

THE long letter on "America and the League" which Lord Grey contributed to Saturday's "Times," has had a remarkable effect in the States. Americans are grateful for his lucid and tactful explanation of the Senate's attitude, and we are even told that the ratification of the Treaty with reservations, which had seemed hopeless, is now again probable. That forecast reckons, however, without Mr. Wilson, who may reject the reservations. Lord Grey has undone the mischief of Mr. Lloyd George's ignorant suggestion, that the Senate, if it should throw Mr. Wilson over, would be guilty of bad faith. The Senate has, of course, the right to take its own line, and a tradition of independence lies behind it, which our Parliament entirely lacks. Lord Grey argues that it is better that America should enter the League "with limited obligations" but as "a willing partner," than as "a reluctant partner who felt that her hand had been forced."

THAT is obviously true, but on the other hand her reluctance to assume obligations makes it harder for us to resist the French demand for a military alliance, and we must expect that every other Member of the League will tacitly or expressly claim the right to make similar reservations. Lord Grey hardly seems to realize how nearly the Senate has wrecked the League. He concluded by defending the strange arrangement by which, while every other Power, great or small, will have only one vote in the Assembly, the British Empire will enjoy six, since the Dominions have the status of independent Members. He makes it clear that the Dominions will not vote in any dispute to which the Empire is a party. That still leaves us on all general questions with six times the voting power of America or France. The fiction of the equality of Sovereign States is an antique absurdity, but if it is dropped it must be replaced by some arrangement more equitable than this.

THE Russian Government has addressed to Poland an appeal for peace, couched in the most conciliatory language. It proposes an immediate armistice, and accepts provisionally as the line of demarcation the present Russo-Polish front. This line runs about two hundred miles or more to the east of Poland's proper ethnographical frontier, and includes regions and towns like Minsk and Pinsk in which the Polish population is a minute minority. It is not clear whether Soviet Russia is prepared to abandon this vast territory permanently, or whether Trotsky will renew his old proposals made at Brest-Litovsk for a *plébiscite*. Most of this territory, thoroughly devastated by the Grand Duke Nicholas in 1915, and ravaged since by civil war and epidemics, is nearly derelict, and will be a burden to Poland, if she insists on keeping it. Even so, to accept this line, even as a basis of negotiation, looks, on Lenin's part, remarkably generous. The Poles, it appears, are so far impressed with the offer that they propose to answer it, a singular act of grace on their part, for earlier offers have been simply ignored. M.

Patek, meanwhile, is carrying back to Warsaw the message of Mr. Lloyd George, who has definitely refused to support any further Polish adventures.

THE Poles, we should guess, have not yet made up their minds whether they want war or peace. The Warsaw correspondent of the "Times" reports much anger at Mr. Lloyd George's attitude, which doubtless will not please the Chauvinists. The Socialists, needless to say, are for peace. It is, however, a bad sign that M. Paderewski, though out of office, chooses this moment to appeal in the Parisian press for means to maintain an army of 700,000 men against Russia, though even he has to admit that the Polish army in point of equipment is in sore straits. France has no money to waste on this madness, and the sudden sobriety of the "Temps" since the destruction of Denikin's army, seems to indicate a new mood of sanity at the Foreign Office. Roumania, by the mouth of her Premier, M. Vaida, has publicly rejected the French invitation to attack. She may well be cautious, for the Bolshevik agitation in her own misgoverned land is so formidable that she has had to declare martial law over the whole country. Meanwhile the signal generosity of Russia's dealings with Esthonia, which has now signed the definite Treaty of Peace, will encourage the other Border States to follow her example. That Treaty, which opens a direct train service from Reval to Petrograd, and inaugurates trade on big and ambitious lines, spells the end of the blockade of Russia.

THE complete triumph of the Russian Revolution in Siberia probably exceeds its most sanguine hopes. Even after the fall of Koltchak, we had supposed that the Red Army would halt at Irkutsk in its eastward advance. It has not yet got there, but the people of Eastern Siberia, under local Social Revolutionary leadership, have taken the reins into their own hands, and even in Vladivostok they are now supreme. The Tsarist Cossack leader Semenoff, is master only of his own camp, and the Allied troops, including even the Japanese, after some attempts at repression, seem to have decided to let events take their course. Though the whole country is in confusion and without communications, it is probable that all Siberia, from the Urals to the Pacific, will soon be an integral part of Russia once more. The Social Revolutionaries, once strongly anti-Bolshevik, are apparently anxious to come to terms with Moscow. Allied intervention, in short, has at last united all Russia, except the *émigrés*, against the foreigner and the reaction. Japan hesitates whether to withdraw her troops or to send a large army, but having delayed so long, it is unlikely that she will act with decision now, for public opinion dreads the expense of a big intervention. The news from South Russia indicates that Denikin's Western Army is simply melting away. The Reds have taken the two important Black Sea ports, Nicolaieff and Kherson, and are likely to enter Odessa before these lines are in print. Thus closes the last of the failures of the grotesque Mr. Churchill.

THE Paisley Election has achieved a double process—the education of the electorate by Mr. Asquith and the education of Mr. Asquith by the electorate. The most far-reaching declaration has been made on Ireland. Mr. Asquith has pledged himself definitely to an Irish Parliament exercising control over all Irish taxation, Customs as well as Excise, and therefore standing on the same footing as a Dominion Parliament. Mr. Asquith did not indicate how the system was to be applied to Ulster, but

he suggested clearly enough that she might accept it without any sacrifice of "religion, local custom, or if you like, prejudice and prepossession." As to absolute independence, he declared himself against a Republic, but willing to take the risk of Ireland opting for it against her clearest economic and political interests. This hazard he would take in order to get rid of "the greatest reproach to our statesmanship," and of a "flagrant and indefensible violation of the principle of self-determination." The Press has hardly done justice to the importance and wide sweep of this declaration. It is really a proposal to settle Ireland on lines which, so far as we know, the inner councils of Sinn Fein would not reject. Mr. Asquith is not a private politician. He is an ex-Prime Minister, the author of the Home Rule Act, and a word from him must deeply color the future complexion of Irish Government. Certainly he should be given the chance of developing his new Irish policy, which seems to us to embody much the widest offer made to Ireland since 1886.

An advance has also been made on foreign policy. Mr. Asquith has pledged himself to a review, not only of the financial provisions of the Treaties made in Paris, but of their territorial arrangements, and he favors the summoning of an International Economic Conference to which Allies, neutrals, and enemies should equally be invited. He is, further, committed to a process of equality between men and women, not only in economics, but in the field of politics, law, and the general service of the State. On nationalization he holds back, mainly on the ground that the settlement would be bureaucratic, and that no administration of the Coal Industry by the Civil Service could be economically a good one. On the whole, he has made a pretty consistent stand for Liberalism as a creed poised between a bureaucratic Socialism on the one hand, and Protectionist Imperialism on the other.

We do not normally agree with Sir Auckland Geddes, but he has made one or two speeches on simple economics which show the country with admirable clearness the way it should go. He said with point that the unfavorable exchange with America was incidentally and immediately giving our trade time to develop. But in the long run trade was interdependent. If, therefore, we talked nonsense about German trade never rising again, it would be equivalent to saying that the West Riding would go bankrupt when the American exchange righted itself. Our interest was to pick our enemies up and set them on their legs again. But Sir Auckland did not stop at financing. Europe would not be economically stable until Russia was once more on her feet. That was the trade policy of the Government. Excellent: if only Sir Auckland's trade policy is allowed to dominate Mr. Churchill's political policy. There is the rub.

"THE disorder and discontent inside the Castle administration and the breaking down of the executive became manifest (writes our Irish correspondent) in the raid upon Sinn Fein of last December. Most of the intended victims were warned, and one of the few arrested in the resulting fiasco was Alderman Tom Kelly who scorned to go into hiding. Alderman Kelly was one of the earliest Sinn Feiners. An avowed pacifist, a man distinguished for his integrity in a corporation not specially noted for civic purity, the chief promoter of housing reform in Dublin, and, it may be added, the enthusiastic ally of Sir Hugh Lane in the establishment of the Municipal Art Gallery, he was naturally the type

of man the Castle would choose to waylay and deport without trial. At the first meeting of the new Dublin Corporation, by a unanimous vote of Sinn Fein, Labor, Unionist, Parliamentary Nationalists, and Municipal Reformers, he has been elected Lord Mayor, and no doubt a municipal delegation will attempt to carry the mayoral chain to his cell in Wormwood Scrubbs.

"FOLLOWING on similar expressions of municipal opinion through the country the Castle arranged another midnight swoop. This time it was determined there should be no fiasco. Unusual precautions apparently were taken. The Press has not failed to note the absence of the usual police authorities from this raid, and people may be allowed to draw for themselves the deductions from their absence. Anyway, numerous as the arrests were elsewhere, in Dublin, at least, there was a second fiasco. The victims must again have been warned; an astonishing number of people were not at home that night, and the 'bag' was proportionately small. In Mr. Shortt's days the cordon at the Castle was not then drawn so tight as to exclude some intelligence. Since his brief day sanity has been successfully isolated. A mentality now reigns which astonishes war-worn foreign correspondents who are invited to admire it; the mentality of Amritsar and of the military patrols of Limerick, Thurles, Fermoy, and Dublin."

THE first public sitting of the Court of Inquiry appointed to investigate the claim of the dock and riverside workers for a minimum daily wage of 16s. was interesting for several reasons. No one knew definitely whether or not the question of shipowners' profits would be admitted as relevant. There was curiosity regarding the procedure of the Court as compared with that of the Coal Industry Commission, and from the trade union point of view there was a particular desire to know whether the courts of inquiry under the new law may be turned into cockpits for legal combatants. Above and beyond these immediate considerations, in the mind of the general public, is the question: How far will the new procedure of inquiry serve to prevent disastrous strikes by large and powerfully organized bodies of workers engaged in industries upon which the nation is dependent for its existence? As to profits in the transport industry Lord Shaw, the Chairman of the Court, argued plausibly for the elimination of this thorny question, on the ground that it would introduce prejudice. But it was clear from Mr. Bevin's reply that when the employers pleaded inability to pay and suggested that consumers must bear the burden, profits must be examined.

THE procedure of the Court, judging from the first sitting, will be more formal and probably less sensational than that of the hastily improvised Sankey Commission. Several applications for independent legal representation by the London Chamber of Commerce and other parties outside the dispute, threatened a surfeit of legal argument and interminable cross-examination of witnesses, but the Chairman withstood this peril with admirable firmness. It would be fatal to the success of the new experiment if the issues to be decided were clouded by legal contention, and on this ground the Transport Workers' Federation acted wisely in entrusting the presentation of their case to their own officials. Mr. Bevin opened brilliantly with an address which combined great moderation of statement with a ruthless exposure of the notorious failure of shipowners and dock authorities to realize their social and human obligations.

Politics and Affairs.

MR. CHURCHILL'S NEW ARMY.

A LITTLE less than a year ago Mr. Lloyd George's friends were calling on good democrats to recognize how valiantly the Prime Minister had fought their battle against Marshal Foch and the other militarists who, for sinister reasons and their own, wanted Germany to retain conscription. For days Paris buzzed with the talk of this achievement. Mr. George had struck a decisive blow for disarmament. No Government would now have an excuse for keeping up a great army. Anyone who takes the trouble to turn back to the messages from their Paris correspondents published by the newspapers at the time will see that if the British people remained in the dark as to the sincerity of the Prime Minister's intentions or the importance of his victory, their blindness was wilful. Mr. Lloyd George's friends were for taking the public into their confidence. The world should know that this redoubtable little fighting man had held out against the prestige and power of the great Marshal, and that in fixing the German army at a low figure he had made it certain that the whole world would follow. The day of big armies was over. Other people might talk about the League of Nations. Here was a piece of solid business. The more light on it the better.

Last week Mr. Churchill, Minister of War in Mr. Lloyd George's Government, explained his proposals for a Territorial Army to the Chairmen of the County Associations. Two facts stand out in his new scheme. In the first place the new Territorial Army is to be not smaller but larger than the old: 345,000 against 314,000. In the second place the character of the force is entirely changed. The old force was for home defence, and a Territorial could not be sent abroad against his will. The Government could accept an offer from any part or from individual members of the Force to serve outside the United Kingdom, but there was to be no compulsion. "A person shall not be compelled to make such an offer, or be subjected to such liability as aforesaid, except by his own consent, and a commanding officer shall not certify any voluntary offer previously to his having explained to every person making the offer that the offer is to be purely voluntary on his part." In a great emergency like the last war, no safeguard would prevent the exercise of moral pressure, and it is probable that in units where the majority of men and officers volunteered for foreign service, it was not an easy thing for a few men to stand out and so detract from the moral effect of a unanimous offer. But the state of feeling in which millions of civilians rushed to the recruiting offices could not be manufactured by any designing Government. This pressure could not have been applied in the case of some spurious military adventure.

The New Army is not for home defence because there is no longer, says Mr. Churchill, the danger of invasion. It is an army, as he puts it, of "Imperial defence." "The Englishman's home is safe. But we have to be ready to defend the Empire, to discharge any obligations which our Government may think it right to enter into with France and Belgium for common defence against Germany. We must therefore raise the new Territorial Army on the basis of imperial defence, and with the idea of imperial defence we must include our responsibility to France and Belgium. Any man joining the Territorial Army must do so with the clear resolve

that if Germany attacks the Rhine, for instance, in the same sort of circumstances as prevailed in 1914, or if Russia attacks India, he would have kept himself ready trained and organized to go and help the Regular Army to stem invasion until the main military strength of Britain and the Dominions has been mobilized and brought into the field." The new Territorial is thus liable from the first for foreign service, and for foreign service anywhere on the face of the globe. There is only one sense in which his liability is less immediate than that of the Regular soldier. "He will not be liable until Parliament has passed a special Act at a time of great emergency authorizing the despatch of that army."

The Government thus propose to set up not one army for service abroad, but two. What guarantee is there that both will not be used for aggression or for some adventure on which a reckless Minister chooses to embark? Let Mr. Churchill answer. "The Government cannot contemplate any war which is not truly a national war. We cannot contemplate any war which is not undertaken in self defence and in defence of life and honor, and in defence of the prime, massive, vital interests of the British race and realm." We know what this covers in Mr. Churchill's mind. When Mr. Churchill went to Paris last spring to propose a large scheme of military intervention by the Allied armies in Russia, he was presumably proposing this same policy in "defence" of our "prime, vital, and massive interests." He was beaten partly because the French, though anxious to inflict any damage in their power on the Bolsheviks, had had a sobering warning from mutinies in their armies and their fleets, and were not prepared for further experiments with French soldiers and French sailors. But if Mr. Churchill had had his way and his new scheme had been in force, he would, of course, have gone down to the House of Commons and asked for sanction to despatch the Territorials to Russia in defence of our homes, our wives, our children, our religion, and of everything that an Englishman holds sacred. And would anyone in his senses suppose that this House of Commons could be trusted to interpret the wishes of the nation or to act as any check on the folly or wickedness of a Minister? Under the old scheme no Territorial would have gone to Russia unless he had a taste for adventure, for a man who is measuring the reality of the national danger in order to determine his own duty is apt to look more closely into the facts than Members of Parliament who are considering whether they should impose a duty on others. Under the new scheme a Territorial who had no mind to take part in a civil war in another country to satisfy Mr. Churchill's class hatreds, would have had no remedy except the extreme remedy that the French soldiers used in Odessa.

The executive ought not to be armed with these new powers on the mere authority of a House of Commons elected under quite abnormal conditions. The electorate were told that they were going to have less armaments and not more. They were assured that when the German menace disappeared, it would be possible to secure great economies of money and effort in every country by reducing military establishments. There is no conceivable warrant for this constitutional departure. It will only increase the mistrust with which the House of Commons is regarded as a national instrument. The next House of Commons, in the absence of any system of Proportional Representation, or the alternative vote, may quite well represent, like the present House of Commons at this moment, a decided minority of the nation. But there is another obvious reason why Mr. Churchill's scheme should be

rejected. It was understood that the question of armaments would be taken into consideration at once by the League of Nations; in the present economic state of Europe no question could be more pressing. Do our Ministers intend to proceed with preparations for a great army in complete disregard of all that they have said on this subject, and without waiting for the discussions of the League? It is clear that there is no Government whose conduct in disregarding the League, or in making the reduction of armaments by the League more difficult by its own action, would be so direct a confession of aggressive intentions, for Mr. Churchill himself says that the Englishman's home is in no danger.

For what purposes, then, do we need a large army? Is it for use against Ireland? Or Labor? Or to develop and consolidate a second empire in the East, based on the occupation of Mesopotamia and the coercion of Persia? We imagine the truth to be that Mr. Churchill does not yet despair of his full dress war with Russia. During the war we were told by Ministers that the defeat of Germany would enable us to stop this deadly waste. The same Ministers tell us that the defeat of Germany has left us with a world in which our military responsibilities are heavier than ever. Some of them have, apparently, discovered that they have interfered with the balance of nature, and that the German army served purposes in the world for which we shall now be responsible. For, as Mr. Churchill has shown in his articles on Labor and Bolsheviks, there are great affinities between his mind and the mind of the old German Empire. So while we want one army in case Germany attacks the Rhine, we want another because there is not a large enough German army to fight the Bolsheviks. When they had crushed Germany these Ministers could have given peace to Europe. They preferred to keep Eastern Europe in a state of war until one of her most famous cities, as Mr. Churchill has told us, was perishing by inches. They have done all they could to foment civil strife and to prevent any people in that blighted region from living at peace. And now they plead the ruin they have brought on Europe as a reason for putting another burden on her breaking back. From the final catastrophe there is only one hope of escape. That is the disappearance of this Government with its war mind, and its replacement by men who are in earnest about healing the wounds it has made.

THE DANGER OF THE GERMAN TRIALS.

WHEN the Supreme Four conveniently forgot that Germany was an enemy who surrendered, not at discretion, but on the basis of fourteen definite conditions, they were suffering from a momentary illusion of omnipotence. It seemed easier to dictate than to negotiate, and no one paused to reflect that a Treaty which the enemy accepted as an honest amplification of the terms on which he had laid down his arms, would be easier to enforce than a Treaty which shocks the conscience even of the friendly neutral. Might is still overwhelmingly on the side of the Allies. They can at any moment reduce Germany to abject submission by the threat of a blockade, and if Marshal Foch were resolved to march on Berlin, his advance would be a bloodless triumphal procession. None the less the Supreme Four are destined to learn, as the months and years go by, that the dictated Treaty is uncommonly difficult to enforce. They may even discover, what the rest of us saw from the first, that it cannot be enforced.

The first test has come already with the demand for the surrender of the "war-criminals." There are some exactions in the Treaty which casuistry may reconcile with the Fourteen Points. The discovery that the cost of the separation allowances paid to the families of soldiers might be included under the head of compensation due from the enemy to civilians, is a case in point. That interpretation revolts any honest man, but lawyers can be found who will defend it. No official casuist has yet attempted to explain from which of the Fourteen Points we deduce the right to demand the surrender of 800 German subjects for trial by our own courts-martial. From first to last there was no word in President Wilson's terms, nor yet in any of his speeches, which could be wrenched from its plain meaning to justify this demand.

Now it is not fashionable to talk of the Fourteen Points, for the human mind is skilful in burying inconvenient memories. We none the less invite the reader to recall the circumstances of the German surrender. First came the offer from Prince Max of Baden to conclude an armistice on the basis of these Points. Mr. Wilson then took leave to make it clear that the Points themselves were above discussion: what might be discussed were the details of their application. Next he ascertained that his Allies themselves accepted the Points, and we took the opportunity to make our two reservations, on the freedom of the seas, and the question of compensation for war damages. In so doing, we clearly accepted the position as any plain man of honor would have read it. If we had anything to add to the Fourteen Points, or anything to subtract from them, this was the last moment in which it could honorably be done. We used our opportunity to the full, for our two reservations were substantial. Only when these preliminaries were concluded did the enemy agree to withdraw behind the Rhine, to give up his "pawns" of occupied territory, to surrender his big guns and his ships, and to demobilize his army. Then when they had reduced him to a defenceless condition, the Allies proceeded to amplify and interpret the Points. They did more. They added demands which the Points did not even dimly foreshadow. The claims for the surrender of the ex-Kaiser and the war-criminals are both of them unwarranted additions. Nor can it be said that they are common form in treaties of peace. On the contrary they are unprecedented in wars between civilized sovereign States. For any precedent one would have to go to civil wars, and even then the great example of Lincoln's statesmanship would condemn us.

Let us pass, however, from the objection that this demand is a dishonorable addition to the terms on which the enemy surrendered: not much of the Treaty would survive that test. What object do the Allies seek to obtain by this demand? No one will say "vengeance," whatever the subconscious motive may be. The only purpose which civilized States would avow is that of making the perpetration of the needless horrors which disgraced this war improbable in any future conflict. We desire, in fact, that exposure and punishment shall have a deterrent effect. If that is the aim, then clearly we shall wish to deter the victor as well as the vanquished in any future war. No State goes to war unless it believes that it will win. If, however, the victor is immune from penalties, will not the aggressor in this future war gamble on the prospects of victory? *Pecca, pecca fortiter*, will be his motto. If he wins, he can punish the enemy's atrocities. If he loses—but why consider that alternative?—he goes to war only if he is sure that he will not lose. In so far, then, as we desire to deter, our course clearly ought to be to set up a neutral and impartial

jurisdiction. It is the League of Nations and not the Allies which should do the trying and the punishing, if any has to be done. The League, we intend, shall survive this present emergency. The League alone would have the right, and might also have the power, to deal with the victor as well as with the vanquished in the next war. It seems then that a prudent and long-sighted view of the mechanics of deterrent action leads us to the same conclusion as the common dictates of justice. Justice asks for an impartial court, and justice would also say that if there are charges against Allied commanders, these also should be sifted. Procedure on that model might really have some effect upon both sides in the next war.

These are somewhat distant calculations. It may be that the Allies have a more immediate object in view. Germany is a candidate for admission to the League, and some Allied moralists have laid stress on the prior condition that she should "repent" her misdeeds. To bring her to "repentance," it is necessary that she should know in some detail what in fact her commanders did. As yet even the accusations are but vaguely known in Germany, and a great part of the German public rejects them as the calumnies of the enemy. Some brave men, like Professor Foerster, have done much to make the worst facts known, but they can reach only the parties of the Left. If, as the Allies propose, the trials are held in French, English, and other Allied cities, only a fraction of the evidence will ever reach the German public at all. No German journalists have yet been admitted to Allied countries, and even if they were admitted, the state of the German exchange would forbid full telegraphic reports. The evidence, then, will lose much, if not all, of its effect. Will the verdicts carry greater weight? The question answers itself. What people, even in a calm hour and in a normal state of mind, would accept as impartial the verdict of an enemy tribunal? We do not, ourselves, believe that a court-martial of British officers, if they were soldiers by training, would be vindictive; its bias, indeed, would probably be towards leniency unless it had been very carefully packed or were overborne by the pressure of civilian opinion. The disgust, which Sir Ian Hamilton has boldly expressed at the idea of trying his antagonist, Liman von Sanders, voices the instincts of the chivalrous soldier. A French court, however, would go to work in a very different mood; the records of the Dreyfus case are not reassuring. How much objectivity would one expect from a court-martial of Roumanians or Serbians, sitting in Bucharest or Belgrade, to try Hungarians or Bulgarians? Even if they judged fairly, few Germans would believe that they had done so. The immediate object, then, will not be attained. These trials will not bring the German people to repentance. They will fail to awaken the latent sense of justice which all peoples possess, because they ignore the common and recognized rules for attaining justice. They will, on the contrary, serve only to convince a beaten people that it is the object of a persecution.

If sentence should be passed on conspicuous statesmen like Bethmann-Hollweg, or on notable soldiers like Liman von Sanders and Mackensen, will anyone see in these punishments anything more than an act of vengeance upon formidable opponents, who came near to defeating the Allies? If, on the other hand, it is only the small criminals and subordinates who suffer a heavy penalty, will not the discrimination seem peculiarly mean? It is unthinkable, for example, that Mackensen should be shot, but that may well be the fate of some subordinate officers, whose alleged crimes

are much less than those with which he is charged. The dilemma is unpleasant, and it is only one of those which we shall discover as the interminable and innumerable trials drag on for months or years, whipping up the passions of the victors, and lashing the vanquished into impotent fury. The Devil himself could not have invented a surer means of dividing Europe by implacable and unforgettable hatreds.

If all these arguments could be rebutted, we should still think the final argument from political prudence decisive. We make no apology for repeating what we have often said since last May, that this demand for the surrender of German soldiers, many of them conspicuous and honored leaders, to be tried by enemy courts, is likely to bring ruin to any Government which gives effect to it. Already their German representative at Paris has refused to present the Allied Note demanding the surrender, and has resigned his post. He will not be the last. Germans cannot, at present, vent their anger on the Allies: they will turn upon the Government which consents to act as policemen for the Allies. We find it hard to imagine German soldiers consenting to arrest a popular general like Mackensen for trial by Roumanian officers at Bucharest. Unless these men go willingly, we doubt if they will go at all. We may have on our hands not merely one dispute with Holland over the ex-Kaiser, but hundreds of disputes with Germany's neutral neighbors. The German Government will, doubtless, argue, plead, prevaricate, delay, but if in the end we still insist, what is the prospect? It may yield, or resign, or defy us. If it yields, it multiplies in Germany not merely its own enemies, but the enemies of the democratic Republic. If it resigns, it invites internal chaos, and even civil war, between Monarchists and Spartacists. If it defies us, we must ourselves complete the ruin of Central Europe by a renewal of the blockade. Whatever happens, we shall have proved both to the Monarchists and to the adherents of the revolutionary idea, that a democratic Republic can count on no measure of consideration, not even upon a cold and distant toleration, from the Western exponents of the democratic idea.

The hope that the adoption of democracy would, in some measure, placate America and Britain, if not France, was long abandoned. This new shock may force the desperate choice between a return to Potsdam and an appeal to Moscow. The chance that the Republic can survive seems to us remote. We refuse as yet to believe that the British Government can be unaware of this danger, or indifferent to the consequences. It cannot wish to destroy the German Republic, whether the result be Monarchism, Bolshevism, or merely chaos. There are easy ways of escape. Let the trials take place before a German Court in Germany with Allied prosecutors, subject to an appeal to a Tribunal of the League of Nations. That reasonable proposal is capable of several variations. The time has come when the leaders of Liberalism and Labor must bestir themselves to combat an injustice which is also a danger.

THE DISORGANIZATION OF THE EXCHANGES.

So profound a student as the late Walter Bagehot considered that to read up currency was a terrible task. The British public have hitherto shared his view to such an extent that the economic education of the average Englishman in pre-war days usually stopped short of the problem of Foreign Exchange. Therefore the Exchange

crisis brings to the general public mystification, mingled with surprise. It has even come as a shock to the student. Economic experience in pre-war times led many people to expect that, as we began to reduce the huge adverse balance of trade which the war piled up against us, the Foreign Exchanges, so far as this country was concerned, would gradually approach stabilization. Unfortunately, those who harbored this hope omitted from their calculations two vital facts—first, the abnormal and desperate financial plight of the Continent of Europe—the mixed result of the war and the Treaty—and, secondly, the close interdependence of British and Continental economics. The Board of Trade figures of our overseas commerce, read together with the official estimates of what are known as “invisible exports,” show that we have practically succeeded in establishing a real trade balance; and official prophets tell us to look for a steady progress during 1920 towards the recovery of our pre-war position, which enabled us to show a surplus of about £200,000,000 a year available for investment abroad. With the trade figures thus getting steadily back to normal, how is it that the Exchanges, so far from approaching stability, go from bad to worse? The closer we get to the balance of our pre-war trade, the wilder become the Exchange fluctuations and the more unsatisfactory the position, until we find the £ sterling varying in worth between 13s. 6d. in New York, and 15s. odd in Spain and Holland, to £15 6s. in Berlin.

In normal times it is true that steadying of the Exchanges would have followed closely in the wake of trade recovery. But under present conditions a large part of our export trade is done on a system of extended credit with countries who cannot afford to pay promptly. This is one of the great hindrances to the recovery of the Exchange so far as this country is concerned. Another powerful influence making for the depreciation of the £ sterling in terms of the dollar is that Continental countries, especially France and Italy, are finding it convenient to remit a considerable proportion of the debts due by them to America through London. Then again, the abnormal position has given rise to a large movement of speculation in the Exchanges, and that tends to enhance the violence of the fluctuations. Nor, at the present moment, does there appear to be any chance of an immediate recovery. Instead of getting better, things grow daily worse; for we continue to export largely to the countries whose Exchanges are depreciated and to import on the grand scale from the countries where sterling is at a low ebb.

The problem of the Exchanges cannot be looked at in terms of this country only. It is a world-question. The financial report of the Cunliffe Committee did, indeed, suggest a remedy which affects this country alone, namely, that we should export only to those countries where our exchange is at a discount, and import, as far as possible, from countries where the position was the reverse. But it only needs a little thought to see that such a policy is a counsel of perfection, as far as we are concerned, and would contribute little if at all towards the solution of European difficulties. It is, perhaps, confusing to talk of remedying the Exchanges—Exchange movements are only the gauge by which various economic effects and tendencies are measured. The present chaotic Exchange movements are a symptom of the disease, not the disease itself. And therefore, before considering remedies for the Exchange position, it is essential to investigate what is the nature of the malady from which Europe is suffering. It is suffering, first and foremost, from a load of war debt, and from a tremendous inflation of currency due, in part, to neces-

sity, and, in part, to bad financial management. It is suffering from under-production and a dearth of imports, both of foods and raw materials. It is suffering also from the continuance by Government of excessive programmes of expenditure. And this capital fact of over-expenditure is, in its turn, partly due to the failure of the politicians to devise a Peace Treaty which would leave the nations of Europe a measure of security and hope.

Now the general remedies are easy enough to put down on paper. They may be summed up in a few words—Retrenchment, Production, Export, Thrift, Hard Work. Mr. Hoover's recent warning to Europe was unerring in its inculcation of this doctrine. The nations of Europe have, to a large extent, to depend upon their own efforts to find their economic salvation. Their Governments must cut their coats according to their cloth; their financial rulers must contract the currency to a proper level and the peoples must set to work to produce and export. But there is more in it than that. Countries stricken to earth by the war have got to be helped over some stiles before they can hope to achieve financial salvation. Perhaps the best example of this truth is provided by Belgium. Every observer who returns from Belgium tells the same story of close application to hard work, production, and all the necessary tasks of reconstruction. Yet the Belgian franc depreciates. The cases of Austria and Germany, of course, are infinitely worse. These countries cannot afford the raw materials that are essential to production, and such opportunities as they possess for increasing production are damped down by the apathy of the people. The Peace Treaty has left them with no inducement whatever to produce. If they produce, the product of their labors is handed over in reparation to the enemy.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer this week has been discussing with bankers and public men the possible steps that might be taken to improve the Exchange position. Presumably, the Memorial of Statesmen and Bankers was the immediate subject of the discussion, with its proposal for an International Financial Conference. Such a conference is undoubtedly desirable. It serves to emphasize the need for smaller expenditure and drastic currency reform. But something more than this is obviously needed. It is only by a combination of the stronger and weaker financial countries for concerted action that the way can be seen to a speedy way out of the present tangle. And, obviously, the burden of the remedial measures must fall on the only two countries capable of bearing it, Great Britain and the United States.

Hitherto, the United States has appeared to hold aloof from any united action. There has been misunderstanding on both sides of the Atlantic. The United States conceived the idea that Great Britain was asking her for another great loan. A tardy Treasury pronouncement stating the obvious fact that nothing was further from the wishes of the people of this country will have cleared the air. Moreover, the mere fact that Mr. Hoover, who read to Europe so stern a sermon on its duties, was one of the signatories of the Bankers' and Statesmen's Memorial may be taken as a sign that official America is alive to realities. Without American co-operation, any steps to set the wheels of Europe's economic life revolving oncemore must fall short of efficiency. Further, American financiers and traders are very much awake to the fact that the complete disorganization of the Exchanges gravely hampers their trade and commerce. No one, then, is asking America for a great loan. We do not want America to help us. But we do want her

to join with us to assist in establishing European economics on a sound basis.

What, then are the remedies which nations, including the United States, could concert together? Undoubtedly, the most efficacious start would be made with Mr. Keynes's proposal for a mutual cancelling of debts between the allied and associated nations. The burden weighing upon Europe would be immensely lightened if both the United Kingdom and the United States agreed to write off all the debts contracted with them by those who fought with them in the war. This would involve a net sacrifice on paper of £2,000 millions by the United States, and a sum of £800 millions by the United Kingdom. Both countries, in our view, would gain very much more than they lost by the sacrifice, through the quicker rehabilitation of European economic life.

Secondly, it ought not to be beyond the power of financial experts to devise an international credit, in which all the allied and associated nations, at any rate, took part as contributors according to their means. Briefly, the purpose of such credit would be to finance for the weaker nations—without exception—the necessary steps for setting the wheels of active production and export once more revolving. Such a credit would obviously have to be hedged about with some stringent conditions. The Allies would have to insist that national expenditure should everywhere be reduced to the lowest possible minimum and taxation raised to the highest level compatible with economic wisdom. They would have to consent to disarmament themselves, as a preparation for imposing it upon others. They would have to revise those economic points of the Treaty which stand like an unscalable wall in the path of the economic recovery of Central Europe. They would have to take the world's stock of raw materials into account, and plan a fair distribution. Of equal importance would be the condition that in connection with the measures establishing the credit should be devised a scheme for a sound currency. Some measure of this kind is long overdue and the matter brooks no delay. We hope to see as a result of the Chancellor's Conference this week that, as a first step, an International Financial Conference is to be summoned forthwith. And when that body meets its first discovery will be that the economic hopes of Europe depend on the revision of the document in which its political fate is written down.

WHITEWASH.

THE report of the Government of the Punjab on the disturbance in the province is stated in the foreword to the document to be a narrative of events, and not an expression of opinion. It might be more correct, and also more candid, to describe it as a "suggestion of opinion, conveyed in the form of a colored narrative." The object depicted is the Punjab Government; the color selected is as white as official brushmanship can make it. That is not to say that the report is open to a charge of deliberate falsification. There are indeed some regrettable omissions. General Dyer does not here present his famous opinion that "public lashing" was "productive of a good impression." On the contrary stress is laid on the official preference for private torture. Nor are the slaughtered crowd in the Jallawalian Bagh described as "rebels," upon whom it was a "duty" to "fire and fire well"; it is even admitted that a proportion of them were "villagers" and "spectators," attracted by a fair, and also (though this is not stated) by a religious festival. But the

tendencious character of the statement is evident. It does not affect to state the Indian case, even in summary, far less to say a word in its favor. While the tone it affects is a glacial detachment, the implied argument tends invariably to self-excuse. It would indeed be hard to imagine a more absolute separation of mind and feeling between governor and governed. An inexperienced reader could not possibly gather from its frigid sentences why these passionate crowds paraded the streets, wailing or shouting the names of their heroes, or flocked to the mosques, Mohammedans and Hindus together. The Rowlatt Act is mentioned, but India's loathing of it is assumed rather than explained or even described. The deportation of Drs. Kitchlew and Satyapal does come superficially into the narrative. But none would guess its intimate connection with the trouble in Amritsar. In some such spirit Pontius Pilate might have written the official report of his Procuratorship of Judea. Imperial Rome might have shown more understanding of her unruly subjects than Imperial Britain; she could not have turned on them a stonier face.

Nevertheless this Report is valuable, for it shows that though there was wide and deep unrest in the Punjab, with a core of downright violence, the loose tongues of the Dyers and Johnsons supply no clue to its true character. There was no "rebellion." The worst acts of the crowds were either incidental, and—like the attack on the banks—promoted by bad characters, or were provoked by harshness and panic on the part of the authorities. Take the story of Amritsar. The curtain of that tragedy rose on a harmless forepiece. The town was preparing for the meeting of the National Congress. The report admits that the Local Committee, which was tilling the ground for the great event, was not "in itself an extremist body." It only contained some extremists. One of these, Dr. Kitchlew, seems to have been a terrible fellow. He had spoken (in 1918) as if he thought that England ought only to rule India with Indian consent. He had also put the blame for high prices on the shoulders of the Government, and had been so tactless as to claim credit for the success of a local agitation to allow platform tickets on Amritsar station. For these reasons, or for others, he and Dr. Satyapal were spirited away. We might have been glad of a reference to this law, under which two leading Indian citizens were summoned to the office of the Deputy Commissioner, and then, without warning or charge made, torn from their families and hurried to an unknown destination. But on this vital point the Report has nothing to say. All that it suggests is that the "continuance of agitation was likely to have very undesirable consequences." The "consequences" of the "agitation" that followed this act of the Deputy Commissioner were not merely "undesirable"; they were disastrous. The two leaders were deported to an unknown destination at ten in the morning of the 10th of April. The same day at noon a crowd moved towards the Civil Lines. Why? Again, the report does not say. But we do not think it is disputed that the object was to call on the Deputy Commissioner to undo the deportations. That, at least, was not an unlawful motive. But the soldiers barred the way, and when stones were thrown, fired, killing and wounding some rioters. From that moment the people, who, on their way had passed some Europeans on bicycles without molesting them, became a violent and brutal mob.

This, as we have said, was on the 10th of April. After the riot the city remained fairly quiet, and there were no more attacks on Europeans. But on the

13th occurred the fatal meeting in the great open space, enclosed by a wall, and (we believe) with only one clear entrance or exit, known as the Jallewalian Bagh. The Report declares that the gathering was forbidden, though not under martial law. The Indian account is that the military veto was only known to part of the town population, and not at all to the villagers from outside, a "considerable number" of whom, as the report admits, came as "spectators," drawn to Amritsar not by politics but by religion. The crowd was finally "swollen to several thousands"—according to the Indian version from 20,000 to 30,000 people were collected. Dyer's troops commanded the entrance. The machine gun was held in reserve; we should like to know why. The soldiers fired, says the report, from high ground, *without even ordering the crowd to disperse*, but "taking action to disperse it at once by fire." They fired "where the crowds were thickest," and retired without even counting the casualties, which indeed (hundreds of the people being unknown villagers) could never be ascertained. "It was asserted," says the Report, "that the killed included many small children"; an important Indian member of the Legislative Council fixed the number at forty-two. This was a calumny. "Inquiries have only been able to establish the death of one boy under ten and four under fifteen years." It was also wrongly asserted that two months after the massacre dead bodies were found in a disused well into which some hapless people fell (others were smothered in the panic). This was also "groundless." The consoling truth is that the bodies were found twenty-four hours later. The Report does not attempt to explain why the Deputy Commissioner put Dyer in unfettered control of the city without a proclamation of martial law, and (it also appears) allowed him to perpetrate his massacre without interference or remonstrance.

The Report gives a general sketch of the rule of Martial Law in the Punjab without, however, mentioning that it was applied to offences committed before it came into operation. The Regulations it enforced included a curfew law, a veto on the issue of third-class or intermediate railway tickets (*i.e.*, on Indian travel), an order that only two persons should go abreast on the side-walks, and a fixing of prices, which had the unexpected effect of stopping the food supplies and "preventing grain coming in." It also admits that fifty persons were compelled to crawl on all fours through the street in which Miss Sherwood was attacked, but pleads that the action of the general was rather "a *brutum fulmen* than otherwise." And there was not much public flogging. A public platform was set up but not used. And a number of triangles were "erected in the city, but were used only in the cases noted below." But in spite of this misplaced leniency the Martial Law Commission did pretty well. Out of 218 persons convicted of major offences fifty-one, or nearly one in four, were sentenced

to death; and only eleven to lesser periods than three years.

Meanwhile, in the other districts of the Punjab where disturbances took place, the Government adopted various means for bringing home to the people the paternal character of their rule. Thus two bombs from aeroplanes were dropped on a "large party of people at a village (Dhulla) outside Gujranwala, the officer no doubt believing them to be rioters going or coming from the city," and fifty rounds from a machine-gun were also fired "into" them. The Report fails to record the grounds on which the officer entertained his "belief" or whether he ever verified them. "Persons riding on animals or in wheeled conveyances and meeting British officers on their road, were required to alight and salute them," and those bearing "open or raised" umbrellas to lower them when in sight of these august objects. As there was evidence of "lack of discipline" in the schools, and some scholars and students had taken part in rioting, "all" the schoolboys in a district were ordered to parade before a British officer. It was falsely stated that several of these boys had died of sunstroke, whereas only "four of the smaller boys" had fainted from the heat. In this district there were twenty floggings, mostly of youths or people convicted of offences against curfew. The students of the Sanatan Dharam Hostel were arrested, because martial law notices had been defaced. In Lahore thirty-two persons were flogged for disobeying the Curfew Law; three for refusing to work or carry on business (*Anglicé*, striking), three for adulterating milk or overcharging for it; seven for breaches of the order against bribes or extortion. In another district two were whipped for trying to escape from custody, and five for trespass in a woman's apartments when drunk. Errors seemed, in the administration of this extemporised code, to have been rare, but now and then one occurred. Thus, "by inadvertence," a District Magistrate ordered "several members" of a wedding party to be flogged. But a drastic punishment followed. He was "promptly deprived of his powers by the local Government." Indeed it cannot be said that the Report, though eminently judicial in tone, lacks a touch of severity. Summing up the regulations in force in the Lyallpur District it concludes:—"Of these orders, the only one which could be said to cause general inconvenience was that restricting movements by train, since it tended to hamper the financing and management of the wheat and cotton trades."

The publication of the Report is designed, we suppose, for the edification of the British public. It will at least contribute to their enlightenment. For in drafting its plea against the Indian agitator, the Government of the Punjab has inadvertently subscribed to its own conviction.

H. W. M.

THE GOOD AMERICAN.

I.—THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE TOWARDS LIBERTY.

By J. A. HOBSON.

It takes some time and thought for an English Liberal even to approach, much more to understand, the American attitude towards personal liberty. For to an Englishman liberty signifies first and foremost the permission to think, feel and act differently from his fellows, the toleration of eccentricity or nonconformity. This is not indeed the end of liberty to him, but it is the necessary beginning. Now "the good American" views

liberty from a very different standpoint. To him America is "the land of liberty" not because everyone is free to think and speak and do as he likes, but because he is free to conform to the accepted standards of thought, expression and conduct. He is "free," if his circumstances enable him to live as well as his neighbors, to dress as well as they, to give his children as good an education and a start in life as they, to make money as

fast as they, to read the same books and enjoy the same recreations—in a word, to be in the swim. Large numbers of Americans feel themselves unfree to-day just because they can't afford even a Ford car, or to send their children to college. A great deal of social unrest is due to the loss of the common opportunity which most capable employees had a generation ago, to get out of wage-service and start on their own account. But this loss of independent business careers will not be realized as a dangerous encroachment upon liberty, provided wages and salaries advance sufficiently for all energetic men to keep standardizing their material and mental life upon an ever-rising level of common comfort. For this American conception of liberty is grounded in an acceptance of standardization. This term, taken from the economy of machine-production, has stamped itself so strongly on the whole American attitude towards life as to deserve close attention. Its condition is one of close conformity. This conformity is not, as might appear, simply imposed upon him by the power of mechanical large-scale production. It corresponds to a genuine need of the American nature. He wants to be like his neighbors. It is this unity of sentiment that has been so largely responsible for the characteristic features of the external life of America.

The American is a social animal to a degree unknown elsewhere. He is the best of mixers. He loves to foregather in clubs and conventions, to swarm in hotel lobbies and restaurants, and every Pullman car of casual travellers soon becomes a busy hive of human intercourse. The great mobility of American life feeds this sociality. Contracts are made easily: conversation flows freely among new acquaintances. The result is that an average American of any social grade is personally known to ten times as many people as an average Englishman, and has a good knowledge of their private record and circumstances. News and views, judgments and sentiments, pass with swift facility through a neighborhood, a profession or any other group. This high sociality carries with it a great sensitiveness to public opinion, and the power of a dominant idea to impose itself with great speed and strength upon the general mind. It is in itself an amiable quality, bred of good humor and an inclination to agree with other people and accept their points of view. But it easily lapses into what so many critics of America have recognized as a chief danger of democracy, the "herd mind" and "the tyranny of the majority." When it is regarded as improper and even disloyal for the individual to set up his personal judgment or predilection against the prevailing judgment of his neighbors or his nation, the damage to free personality is indubitable. Nor does it make much difference whether the prevalent opinion or sentiment is imposed or servilely accepted. The point is that the right and duty of individual reason and private judgment have been displaced by herd reason and herd judgment.

I use the term "herd" advisedly. For what displaces free personality is not the considered judgment and authority of the Government or of any responsible body. It is a fluid and usually quite irrational sentiment, carrying with it some allegations of fact accepted to support the sentiment, sweeping through the whole community and bearing down all tendencies to question or to criticize. Every "good American" feels he wants his mind and heart to be in accord with those of his fellows: he would be restless and miserable to be outside the herd, eyed askance and an object of suspicion or ridicule. "To be in the right with two or three" is not with him an object of desire, for he does not feel that a small minority can be "in the right." Thus he

has no sense of coercion or unfreedom in subjecting his mind to the dominant sentiment or opinion; on the contrary he feels a glow of "loyalty" to the herd.

This helps to explain how the same people of America, who in November, 1916, returned Mr. Wilson to the White House, "because he kept America out of the war," could be stampeded a few months later into the most furious militarism. It was not any new analysis of the situation, or any reconsideration of the evidence. The herd had scented danger and had swerved.

There must be no shirkers or resisters or defaulters in the herd, no egregious members. Any that should show refractory symptoms must be butted into line or butted out. Such is the law of the herd. Hence what to English Liberals appears the fanatical intolerance of America, her brutal disregard of claims of private conscience, her ruthless trampling upon free speech or publication, her absolute denial of all effective criticism of public policy. Minorities have no rights, for even the permission of minorities to announce their existence is an offence against the instinct of the herd.

The really disconcerting fact is that among "good Americans" there is no sense that this conduct involves any loss of freedom. If you probe even fairly liberal-minded and educated men and women, you will get an avowal that dissentients have no right to offend loyal American opinion by expressing their dissentience. There is no more infringement of "liberty" in repressing such invasions of the loyal mass sentiment than in stopping any other crime against society. For loyal opinion is "the unwritten law" which rules America. There is a sentiment of righteous hatred against all who may offend against this law.

It is the intolerance of physical or moral incapacity or eccentricity, derived atavistically from primitive tribal life, powerfully revived in the pioneer period of America, and exploited to-day for control of political and social machinery by the real rulers of America.

The appeal, as I have already indicated, is from the libertarian to the equalitarian factor in democracy. This was curiously illustrated in the attitude taken by many American "Liberals" towards compulsory military service. Even those who had been opposed to their country entering the war seemed to think it right that, when they were in the war, the fighting forces should be drawn indiscriminately from all the able-bodied youth of the nation. This seemed conformable to the principle of equality of sacrifice. There was, therefore, less consideration even than in England for conscientious objections which appeared to conflict with this principle. To argue that the compulsory draft bore most unequally upon men who had no repugnance against killing enemies and men to whom such an action was a deadly sin, did not bite upon minds possessed by this formal equalitarianism. It sufficed to think that every man had the same chance of killing and being killed. Subjective inequalities were unreal and did not count. The practice of the herd-mind squares with the principle of equality but not of personal liberty. But if every man is equal, in the sense that he is substantially the same as every other man, his aptitudes and needs the same, then his views and sentiments must be the same. If he is perverse enough to declare views and feelings that are discordant with those of the majority, he must be forced into conformity, or must "get out." My point is that "the good American" has no sense that he is interfering with some sacred and socially serviceable element of human personality in forcibly repressing or ejecting such nonconformists. For if men are really equal, *i.e.*

identical, the profession of dissent is not genuine, it is perverseness or wickedness.

To the puritan it was always wickedness, and since the puritan by reason of his moral toughness and energy had the chief formulation of American mental and moral attitudes; the minorities to-day in all matters where strong feelings are evoked are not mistaken but are guilty!

During the war this herd passion and its intolerance blazed more fiercely in America, remotest from the actual peril of the war, than in any of the European belligerents except perhaps France. Twenty years imprisonment was the punishment given for expressing the opinion (which history will certainly endorse) that behind its immediate causation the Great War was a capitalist war, *i.e.* a struggle for economic empire by rival national groups of financiers and merchants. Not merely was legal and mob violence directed against any rash enough to question the justice or the policy of entering the war, or of advocating "a peace of justice" instead of "a fight to a finish," but the business conduct of the war was sacrosanct. Business men who retailed to me with closest circumstance the most appalling stories of ministerial waste, corruption, and incapacity, which weakened the conduct of the war at every turn, boasted at the same time of their "loyalty" in abstaining from all "criticism of the administration." It never occurred to them that in withholding criticism they might be guilty of a dereliction of personal duty. No. All they felt was the necessity of presenting a solid, flawless front to the enemy, though the front was not in fact solid or flawless! A quite kind-hearted and liberal manufacturer told me with approval of how he found the men in his factory had dipped in yellow liquid one of their fellows who had ventured to "criticize the Government." The

question of the rightness or wrongness of the minority opinion was plainly irrelevant. There should be no minority: it must be stamped out.

But the demand for enforced unity was by no means confined to the suppression of deeds or words which were critical of the Government. Positive acts of loyalty were also enforced by the herd. If you did not decorate your house with flags on "patriotic" occasions, you were exposed to mob violence. If you were a farmer and did not put as much of your land into crops as your neighbors said you ought, a self-made committee (with no legal authority) compelled you to—on pain of expulsion. But the working of the "Liberty Loans" gave the strangest and most comical illustration of this democratic spirit. Though subscription to these loans was not a legal obligation, and every one was nominally "free" to decide whether and how much he should subscribe, in most parts of the country self-appointed committees of "good citizens" took upon themselves the "right" to assess their neighbors for the loan and to enforce their assessments by all sorts of persecutions, including in many instances physical assaults and expulsion from the community. And this for a Liberty Loan in a war for Liberty!

Yes, it may be said, but this was in the panic atmosphere of war. But, discussing the matter in the full sobriety of a year's established peace, I have found no realization of the grave wrong, or even impropriety, of this procedure. "Our country needed the money, and if some persons failed to pay what their neighbors held to be their proper contribution, it was right to compel them to do so." The money must be found, and if some refused to subscribe others must pay more. So here again the sense of liberty was swallowed up by the sense of equality.

IS THE GERMAN REPUBLIC IN DANGER?

BY THEODOR WOLFF.

[From this period Herr Theodor Wolff, the well-known Editor of the "Berliner Tageblatt," will continue to write a series of Articles on German affairs for THE NATION.]

It is only with very rare exceptions that a German gets to-day the permission to set his foot on English, French, or American ground, whereas we have, since the Armistice, the pleasure of seeing very numerous members of the Entente here in Berlin. Besides the official personages, the delegates and commissions whose presence here is comprehensible and necessary, we have crowds of journalists and persons who have come to Germany with political or commercial intentions. These gentlemen live in the big hotels, profit by the low standard of German money, pay with a smile a dinner that costs us one hundred marks, and are very often mistaken in judging German affairs, as they generally live confined to a narrow circle. A correspondent of the "Temps" lately describing his observations, stated that the persons who took their supper in his hotel seemed to suffer very little from the collapse of Germany, and assured its readers that in this dining-hall the *élite* of Berlin was assembled every night. The truth is that only very seldom does a member of good Berlin society show himself in such halls and restaurants, that these places are nearly always left to the "new wealth," the little, solid money-makers, the clever agents of contraband trade and their female friends, and that we cannot expect

any patriotic affliction or traces of heavy sorrow from these persons.

After their arrival the members of the victorious Allied countries who wish to seek information about the political situation in Germany generally ask us at first whether we believe that the German Republic will have a long existence, or whether we expect a re-erection of monarchy. They have read much about the monarchical machinations, the increasing reaction in Germany, and they wish to know whether we German democrats do not fear lest this military reaction will very soon overthrow our Republican building. This question is not easily to be answered, for the development does not depend on Germany alone, but more on the Entente and their politics; but nevertheless I will say something about it. At first we must correct their false ideas which they have also heard of Germans of all kinds.

IS THE REPUBLIC A CAMOUFLAGE?

When the German Republic had been proclaimed, and the Emperor and princes had abdicated, and when there was no throne left standing on German ground, the anti-German Press at once declared the revolution to be a farce and the new *régime* a side-show, behind which the ancient rulers waited for the moment of return. In the course of the war the French brought into fashion the word "camouflage," and we were assured that the German Republic was such a camouflage. As

soon as a person who had already served under the Empire appeared in the service of the Republic, we were told that the creatures of the Emperor ruled as before, that they had the keys in their hands, meaning to reopen the doors for William II. The Nationalists in the countries of the Entente believed this, for they did not desire reconciliation with Germany, and they wanted too to hinder any approach between the Western and German democracies. The German Independent Socialists and Communists took the same line, since they no longer partook in the government and fought against the Socialist-Democratic Republic. I want to say here that foreign countries will be mistaken if they see in the Independent Socialists of to-day the same men who, in 1915, repented of their consent to the war and the invasion of Belgium, and then refused the war credits. What was then a little group is to-day a numerous party, and in this party we find very mixed elements, but also a great many war enthusiasts and "Hurrah" patriots of former days who, after our defeat, traversed the long distance from militarism to radicalism in a day or an hour. These neo-Radicals were those who now—in order to make their own past forgotten—declared the Republic not to be pure enough and reproached the Republic with failing to cut itself off from the Imperial staff and from militarism. They made furious gesticulations and cried aloud, and the Nationalists in the countries of the Entente heard them with joy.

ITS PUBLICATION OF DOCUMENTS.

There is no doubt that the Socialist-Democratic Republic has neglected much, and done things ill or too late. I do not believe we would have been offered a milder or more reasonable treaty of peace if we had published all the documents about the origin of the war in the beginning of the year, and with all our professions of guilt we should certainly not have avoided the secession of West Prussia or the occupation of the Rhine country. Wilson had told us that, after the abdication of the Emperor, the German people should have a better armistice. William II., the whole dynasty of Hohenzollern, and all the other dynasties have disappeared—and we have got conditions that have never, since the time of the Romans, been forced upon a people. It was not in the naïve hope of putting the victors in a favorable mood that the Republican Germany stirred the pool of truth, a fearless truth that shines on all, and neither excuses nor accuses intentionally. But it was forced to open all doors at once, even though other countries kept their documents under lock and key, to educate its own people and make itself feel that the new time had no connection with the past.

ITS RELATIONS WITH MONARCHICAL OFFICERS.

Our failure to publish the documents immediately after the proclamation of the Republic was not because we wished to conceal them. We put off the job because we were occupied in the interior of the country with maintaining the most elementary conditions of life, because we were struggling for existence, and because the politics of the Entente did not encourage such frankness. Another mistake that we made in this struggle for existence was a heavier one. We were forced to defend ourselves against open insurrection, against Communistic machine guns, against the mutiny that was organized with Bolshevik money. We therefore applied in our distress to those reactionary officers who were a help for the moment and a danger for the future. Only he who has witnessed those days and weeks can comprehend this association with the representatives of the old militarism. Many actions which, seen from the distance, seem inexcusable to-day, and are now disapproved by many of us, are comprehensible if we know the terrible situation in which the Republic was in the January and again in the March of the last year. I spent the day after that Sunday in January when the Spartacists had

taken the buildings of the "Berliner Tageblatt" and the "Vorwaerts," and had begun to execute a diligently prepared strategic plan, in the ancient palace of the Reichskaarler, then the seat of the plural Socialist "commissaries of the people." The Government had for their protection about three hundred trustworthy soldiers, and besides these only the unarmed Socialist trade unionists and Democrats who demonstrated in long rows before the palace. Noske drove that day of January to the barracks, and everywhere where he hoped to find reliable auxiliary troops. He took and was perhaps forced to take what was offered to him, and he did not choose very long. Officers and soldiers whose monarchical feelings were not to be doubted helped in the defence, and afterwards when the Government tried to make a regular force out of the irregular troops of voluntaries, they entered into the new "Reichswehr." Many of these monarchical soldiers behave loyally, serve the Republic loyally, and subordinate their political ideals to the interests of the country. Others dream of overthrowing the Republic, do not attempt to deny their hates and their desires, and see their ideals in Ludendorff and other generals. Noske would have done well if he had dismissed these helpers of yesterday who wish to become tyrants. He has not done so as he does not or will not believe in a real danger. We see here the truth of those words which Macaulay writes in the introduction of his History of the English Revolution about the difficulties which must arise for every real democracy from the existence of a regular army. Our army of mercenaries is absolutely necessary. In this Germany which is thrown into confusion and agitated by war, defeat, and revolution, there must be a strong party of order. But it remains an element of danger as long as it has not been closely enwoven with the Republic.

THE NEW AND THE OLD OFFICIALDOM.

But we must not over-estimate the danger resulting from mistakes that were certainly committed, and we must also not believe that this danger must lead before long to the return of the monarchy. We must also not think that the German Republic is but slightly democratic—a mere side-show behind which lurks the ancient régime. No country has to-day a more democratic constitution than Germany with its universal suffrage for women. Perhaps we have gone too far in giving the suffrage also to people twenty years old and in arranging that the President, the head of the State, shall be elected by the people. The system of taxation which strives to remove capitalism by confiscating capital is certainly democratic, but unfortunately it kills the solid man of business and spares the unreliable one. The law on workmen's counsels introduces the democratic system into the factories and all kinds of trades. Can anyone reproach the Republic that it retains many officials of the Imperial Government in its service? Of course, a gradual removal of these persons is desirable. But a sudden and complete change would not only be difficult but also foolish. Though France, after the war of 1870, had a Republican tradition, and disposed of many Republican forces, it employed the Imperial staff of functionaries for many years after, and the diplomats whom it sent abroad for decades, e.g. Gontaud-Biron, Noailles, Reverseaux, Courcelles, descended from Royalist and Bonapartist families. Germany, that has neither a Republican tradition nor a school of real parliamentarism, cannot create in one day a new and quite democratic staff of officials, a new and democratic diplomacy. Where should we take the personages who were to fill in the German States and in the Government of the Republic not only the highest but also the less important posts? We have proceeded rather too fast than too gently, and by removing too many experienced, diligent officials, and replacing them by inexperienced amateurs, we have increased the confusion in the country. Many of the old officials understand that a re-erection of the monarchy, which they have loyally

served, is impossible, and would be a catastrophe for Germany. Such men, who do their work honestly, are perhaps more sympathetic than those controversialists, journalists, and agitators who make impossible conditions, and in the old days were loud for militarism and nationalism.

TRAINING THE PEOPLE FOR DEMOCRACY.

It is our greatest task to educate the German people into a true democracy. The people has no longer a sense for monarchy, but it must learn to understand and to love a democratic form of government. William II. is a dead man; the Hohenzollerns are only a name. They became very unpopular in the course of the war, and nothing, perhaps, did them more harm than the following witty remark: "I know a family with six adult sons of whom none fell in the war!" The publication of the Imperial marginal notes and letters was merely the final blow at a corpse. There is no other house of princes that is likely to bind together the fabric of the broken Imperial throne, and even the German Nationalists and the other politicians of the Conservative side do not think it possible to remove the Republic. But we must wish that this Republic should be protected even from invisible dangers, that it should be consolidated, that it should advance more and more in a democratic sense, and that it should not fall into the hands of the Conservatives, or the adherents of nationalism. We try to obtain a revision of the fatal, the violent, treaty of peace which was forced upon us, and we will do everything possible to bring about this revision. But we must do it as a peaceable and a just democracy, and will not allow those to reign who hope in their hearts for a warlike revival and revenge. We must educate our people up to the democratic point of view, and it is to this purpose that we have begun the discussions in the Commission of Inquiry and the publication of documents from which everybody can learn the sins of the ancient régime. But, above all, the German Republic has to take care of the schools and universities, so that they may become real democratic centres of education. It begins with the reformation of schools, but most of the universities still hate the new times and adore the past.

TWO DANGERS: I.—THE AGITATORS.

Two parties render this great democratic educational task very difficult. The Radicalism of the street excites in many persons the false idea that the Republic stands for disorder and decay. The distress of the country is great, the terrible dearth weighs heavily upon all who do not partake in wild and dishonorable forms of trade, and a great many mistakes, the theoretical measures of incompetent officials, increase the economical difficulties. Workmen, employers, and officials raise new demands, and these demands must be complied with though they raise, in their turn, the prices of the provisions of life. But all reasonable men disapprove of this moment of the political strikes and the efforts of radicalism to hinder the railway traffic and the supply of coal, in order to vent their dislike of the plural Socialists, and to realize their political ideas. Germany is eager to work, but it is hindered in its path to work and health by agitators who are neither personalities nor politicians. As such things did not happen in the ancient régime, the Republic is made responsible for them, and as, moreover, all the terrible burdens resulting from defeat produce depression of mind, the parties that disapprove or criticize the democratic principle have gained many advantages.

II.—THE ENTENTE.

The other party that works against the German democracy is the Entente. When Wilson promised that the German people would get better conditions in the Armistice if it drove out the Emperor, he was believed. But the Allies treated the German democracy as hardly

as they would have done the German monarchy. They strengthened the conservative movement in Germany instead of the democratic one. Each Note of Clemenceau, each new condition of the Allies, helped the nationalists, who appealed with loud patriotic words to the hearts of the people. He who sees the French in the Rhineland exercising a despotism that, in spite of the conclusion of peace, is in no way better than German militarism, and how they try to break off this part of Germany, must understand that the German people is excited by feelings that hinder a continued democratic development. If the Entente really insists on delivering up the accused officers, it will be a true present of the gods for German Nationalism. All of us are convinced that every guilty person should be punished. But the punishment should take place on German ground. Only then can the procedure have a moral and educational effect on the German people, only then can it see, what all nations should see by studying their own characters, where militarism leads us. Trials that take place abroad in the countries of the Entente, will never be thought free from objection by the German people, and the verdicts of foreign judges will never shine with the light of true justice. They will only excite patriotic passions, and our democracy, which is already made responsible for the miserable peace and the distress of the country, will be charged with having delivered German populations and officers to the foreign bailiff. The foreign countries ask: Is the German Republic menaced? No, it is not menaced; it will keep its place and advance if the countries of the Entente do not go on discrediting German democracy and favoring the representatives of the ancient régime.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

ONE feels that though the economic crisis has visibly been reached, in the affairs of Europe, it is the moral crisis which has really arrived. In a few days, or weeks, we shall know what essential turn will be given to her destinies. "Thank God," said a powerful official here, when he heard the terms of the Dutch Note, refusing to surrender the Kaiser. There spoke the voice of Right, long since emblazoned on the banners of victorious Might, though not quite so conspicuous in its acts. But the trial of so unwanted a man as the ex-Kaiser is nothing like so grave a matter as the trial of the German officers. There hangs the future of Germany. Force her to become our policemen and she will either evade us, or the little moral force left to her Government will be sapped and destroyed. But if the right turn can be given to this misadventure in policy, all may go well.

THAT should not be impossible. A great body of evidence, some of it known to the Germans, has been accumulated as to certain offences against the laws of war committed by men who could not well allege a specific order from headquarters. I give two examples. One of them is the shooting of civilians, either as "hostages," or for mere purposes of intimidation—both indefensible. The second is the sinking of boats, laden with survivors from sunken merchant ships, in order to conceal all evidence as to the method of destruction. That, again, is a consequence of the doctrine of "*Spartos versenkt*." These are crimes of which, if we go the right way, we can clearly get German opinion with us, and thus attain our object—if it is our object—of raising the sunken standard of decency in the conduct of war. I think there is a chance of finding a medium way out of

the difficulty, and that if we proceed fairly Germany will assist the effort made on this side to discover it.

MEANWHILE, Lord Grey has achieved a miracle, or perhaps I should say a record. He has contrived the one intervention in American affairs which in my memory has had a conceivable chance of success. I should not call his a specially suggestible temperament, and I imagine he lived a rather secluded life at Washington. But somehow he has caught the air and tone of American political thought. He has contrived to appreciate her motives, and yet to speak without flattery, and with the simplicity of mind and phrase that is as genuinely his as it is America's. Doubtless there have been some personal reasons behind the movement against the ratification of the Treaty. But the public and the governing causes were, I am persuaded, mainly as Lord Grey has stated them. America has felt this, and it pleases her, as it always pleases the misunderstood, to have a friendly analysis of what she is often puzzled to account for in the movements of her own mind. That is the kind of service that this reserved and unpretentious man does now and then render to the world. America will, I am sure, now trust him. He has opened the *via media* on ratification, and now she may go a step or two further.

How thankful we ought to be that there resides in the common heart of man, and in the nature of his activities, the power to defeat a part at least of the wrong that his "institutionalists" are always doing to him. Here is Europe led by her politicians into war, and entrapped by them into a peace that is little better than war. Now, in the name of justice and in the form of these mock trials, she is to be re-dedicated to revenge. The slayers of Miss Cavell are to be arraigned at the bar of their enemies, in contempt of her dying plea to her countrymen to rise above the passion of patriotism. But Miss Cavell was exceptional. Not at all; the mass of people live by forgetting their rancors and leaving the wretched logomachy of revenge to the men who trade on it. Look at the story which the papers tell this week of the rescue of the German ship which, setting sail from New York, and about to founder with all hands, was rescued, at their imminent risk, by the captain of the "Manchester Merchant" and his crew. This man's ship had been shelled and torpedoed during the war. I don't suppose he had a moment's hesitation in putting his life at the service of his enemies. And I think I know that if I had the chance on the day of judgment of standing by his side, or by that of any War Cabinetee, which of the two comradeships I would choose.

I BELIEVE that Wednesday's Conference with the Chancellor decided to recommend the Cabinet to call an International Financial Conference, and that the Cabinet are willing to adopt this suggestion.

THE Estonians have well earned the peace which it is to be hoped they will finally win from the Bolsheviks. The story of the war contains nothing finer than the struggle of this wonderful little people for independence. It has been a kind of war on three fronts—against the Germans, against the Bolsheviks, and against the Russian Whites. The Estonians were the heart of the Yudenitch expedition, and but for the cowardice and incapacity of the Whites, it might well have succeeded. The most literate of the Baltic States, Estonia is one of the most practical. Her people have already reorganized

the little State that their valor has saved, reformed the troops, rebuilt the railways, opened the schools, built a mercantile fleet, and set up steamship services. They want two things from the Allies—a definite recognition of their democratic Republic, and to be let alone. Between German bullying, and Bolshevik raids and shootings, they have had a terrible time. But their most contemptuous memories are reserved for the Whites. It was the arrogance and incapacity of Mr. Churchill's friends that finally decided the Estonians to have nothing to do with them. They fought badly and failed to guard their rear, enrolled Bolsheviks without inquiring into their character, and were again and again outwitted and outfought by the Bolsheviks. But their worst mistakes were political. They utterly ignored the wishes of the people of the occupied territories. They set up military dictatorships, opposed every democratic reform, and sought, by bribes and intrigues, to make the Border States renounce their independence. The Bolsheviks made good use of these tactics. The result was that their northern armies were mainly recruited, according to a high authority, to the extent of 85 per cent. from men who, though not Bolsheviks themselves, preferred Bolshevism, as a going concern, to a return to Tsarism. In this fashion Mr. Churchill exactly played the Bolshevik game. The Russian people set us down as a set of reactionaries, willing tools of the reaction they feared.

ONE of the minor comedies of our Russian intervention has been the sad fate of General Janin. It seems that this good soldier was appointed from Paris to be Commander-in-Chief of the armies in Russia. Unfortunately this high resolve had not been communicated to Koltchak, who had been a trifle *froissé* by the endeavors of the Allies to induce him to part with his gold, and transfer it to safe custody in Vladivostok. So when the general arrived, Koltchak flatly refused to surrender his command or to serve under the Frenchman. General Knox had similar scruples, and so had the Czecho-Slovaks, and the result was that the General's authority was finally restricted to the shadowy command of a couple of regiments.

I AM one of those who will follow my friend Dr. Chalmers Mitchell's splendid air-voyage from Cairo to the Cape with admiration and hope for its success. The "Times," which has despatched him, has indeed compiled a rather formidable list of the obstacles, including interruptions by elephants and elephant grass, whichever may be the more formidable. For my part I cannot imagine the Secretary of the "Zoo" finding himself in the least degree embarrassed by either. If there are elephants in the path he will certainly tame them, beginning with the worst rogue of them all; and he is not a man to be stopped by elephant grass. The contingency of which I am really afraid is one to which the "Times," possibly from motives of delicacy, makes no allusion. Supposing Dr. Chalmers Mitchell meets a Bolshevik? I hardly like to mention such a thing, but if it happened, it is quite on the cards that he would seduce the Bolshevik, or (as he possesses an inquiring mind) the Bolshevik might seduce him. Either contingency would be equally terrible. For how would the capture of a tamed Bolshevik suit the raging appetite of Printing House Square for the savage (and savagest) variety of that species? And, in the alternative, how could a distinguished member of the staff of the "Times" ever appear there again, having inadvertently and in the exigencies of travel, donned a pair of Bolshevik boots, or even (if Bolsheviks wear such things) a Bolshevik neck-tie?

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"THE YOUNG IDEA."

OUR old Universities are crammed to overflowing. As though smitten by a wild desire, youth swarms to those ancient Seats of Learning where the University preacher prays that true religion and useful learning may for ever flourish and abound. In Cambridge we read that the number of undergraduates has risen 100 per cent. since last term, which is a Cambridge way of saying that the numbers are double. In Oxford the crowds are such that there is no more housing room for undergraduates there than for agricultural laborers in the country. Leaving the grey city, still so beautiful, they dribble out beyond red Somertown or to the jerry-built suburbs of Cowley and Heddington, outside the range of any but athletic Dons. Should this passion for useful knowledge (or should we not rather boast useless knowledge?) continue, the time may come when, as in a Bolshevik community, the rule of "one man one room" may be applied, and scouts will gasp at Christ Church drawing-room suites inhabited by three.

Youths back from the war snatch up the threads of half-forgotten studies, or rush through the "short course" deemed sufficient for defenders of the country. How appetizing to them are the bread-and-butter "commons"! How musical is the silence of peace! With what zest they pursue other exercises than the bayonet plunged into swinging sacks or bleeding hearts! With what delight they disclose to sedentary lecturers the absurdity of Tacitean battles, and the difficulties of Hannibal's supply! But in reading the excellent accounts of the Universities sent by correspondents of the "Morning Post," two points have struck us most.

The first is the amazing report of "extraordinary intellectual enthusiasm" among the undergraduates of Cambridge. We read that they stand in queues half-way across Trinity Great Court waiting to hear Professor Eddington expound the Einstein theory. Such queues recall the scarcity of margarine, oxtails, and other necessities of life two years ago rather than an undergraduate love of knowledge in old days. The subject perhaps makes this enthusiasm less wonderful; for who would not stand all night in a queue, deflected to prostration, if only he might hear the Einstein theory rendered comprehensible to his relativity? More surprising is the report that, not only has dancing a passionate vogue, but religious and ethical discussion an eager audience; lectures on English literature draw as in America; and Professor Pigou (charged with pacifism once!) has inaugurated instruction on economic problems to be imparted in a lengthy series by men of distinction; and one of the courses will deal with "Company Promoting," which may, we suppose, be classified as useful knowledge.

To kindle and keep up such enthusiasm we must assume some change—some vital transformation—in the teachers as well as in the undergraduates themselves. In looking back upon the Oxford teaching of his youth, what strikes the present writer most is the peculiar inferiority of the lectures, which hardly ever taught him or anyone else anything. They were delivered without form, without arrangement, with no more personal interest than a parish pump feels in the water it supplies, or in the drought when the well runs dry. Exceptions, certainly, were Canon Scott Holland, who did inspire a keen personal interest as he dashed up and down the lecture room, twisting his gown into knots, his frog-like face illuminated with joy, his pencil making invisible digs upon the wall, representing nothing, his activity so seraphic that at any moment he appeared likely to rise on wings into the Platonic regions of which he enjoyed a lonely vision. And then there was Professor Thomas Green, "wrestling" in torment with thoughts that appeared to have some meaning, uttering them in rasping and disjointed sentences, which conferred upon his crowded audience the humiliating and beneficent knowledge that there were regions of the mind beyond the possibility of their comprehension. And then

there was a Professor of Ancient History whose delicate and persistent cough excited the strong personal interest of himself and others. And there was Ruskin, greatest of all possible teachers, but he did not count. For the rest, what dreary fog and east wind! What formless ineptitude and tired repetition!

To draw queues of undergraduates, much must certainly have changed. It is true that only this week a present Oxford undergraduate quoted to us two notes from his books that recalled old times. One was, "The audacious Brunck here inserts a comma"; the other, after the words "How long, O Lord?" the note "Observe the pregnant aposiopesis." But still there must have been some change in the teaching when lectures on Einstein or Euripides or literature draw queues. We do not forget that women now form part of the audience, and the pathetic conscientiousness still controlling the feminine mind inclines them to listen patiently to anything. Perhaps their very presence has subtly induced an attention to form and vital understanding. The quality of teaching has, at all events, been transformed, and so, we are convinced, is the quality of youth that is taught. Just before the war, the present writer attended a debate at the Oxford Union—an important debate on which the election of the next President was thought to depend. One man, though tainted with Oxford preciosity, spoke with knowledge and breadth of mind. "I suppose he will be elected," said the writer. "What!" cried an undergraduate, "didn't you hear him split his infinitives twice?" "Yes," said the writer, "I felt two little jolts, as when an ox-waggon jogs over tree stumps. But still he is much the best speaker." "He hasn't a chance," replied the undergraduate, and he was right. But youth has split so much besides infinitives since then that we doubt whether the verdict would now be the same.

Besides this apparent change—a change so amazing that in the Seats of Learning something outside the great benefits of games and friendship seems likely to be acquired—the correspondents of the "Morning Post" suggest another transformation. In Cambridge, they tell us, the Union supported the Senate of the United States in its demand for a revision of the Paris Treaty. It is, of course, natural that Mr. Keynes's book, so influential everywhere, should have special influence in his own University. It is also possible that territorial frontiers do not seem of great importance to the Cambridge undergraduate; for, as Bishop Creighton used to say, the Oxford man walks as if the world belonged to him; the Cambridge man walks as if he didn't care a damn whom the world belonged to. But still the advance from the established formula of "My country, drunk or sober!" is considerable.

Even more remarkable is the report of a debate in the Oxford Union upon the motion that "Ireland herself has defeated the endeavors of Parliament to solve the Irish Problem." Not only was the motion defeated; no one cares much about the division in a University Union debate, though on this occasion the rare number of 300 undergraduates took the trouble to vote. The point was the reception given to a speech by young Mr. Grattan-Esmonde of Balliol, who spoke as an extreme Sinn Féiner and with impassioned patriotism. None of the rebels of Easter Week, executed or surviving, none of the Irish leaders now crowded into our gaols, could have proclaimed the right of Ireland's freedom with finer or more vehement eloquence. England to him was neither the dominant partner nor the federated equal. She was the intruding foreign invader against whom his country had declared open and perpetual war until the national right of liberty should be won. Justly or unjustly, the speech was violently anti-English. Yet we read that it was received by that body of Englishmen—the great majority would certainly be Englishmen—with "tremendous applause." The applause was so prolonged that it seemed as though it would never stop, and the President himself had to intervene to stop it. However rightly the English mind may suspect and abhor rhetoric, the eloquence of indignation and sincerity will always have its effect upon us,

and he would be a poor Irishman indeed who could miss the eloquence of indignation and sincerity under the misgovernment of Ireland to-day. Something must be allowed for the power of such eloquence over the youth of a people like ours, capable of justice, and endowed with a singular force of suppressed emotion. Something must be allowed for the personal enthusiasm aroused by a young man who has inherited so great a name and such a tradition. But still that storm of ceaseless applause in such a scene as Oxford was significant of change.

Consider where these applauding youths came from and what education they had hitherto received. Many had come from the war and had received their recent education there. But probably the great majority were just up from the public schools, and many evil things have been said of the public schools. The most damning picture ever made was drawn by Mr. A. H. Gilkes, himself remembered by Shrewsbury and Dulwich boys as the greatest master they have known. His book called "The Thing that Hath Been" was published as long ago as 1894, and it is a more damning picture than even Mr. Alec Waugh's "Loom of Youth" because it reveals the root of the matter—the evil in the masters themselves, their snobbery, their laziness, their narrowness of mind, and their almost incredible rudeness to each other. As to result upon the boys, we may quote a passage from the outburst of a master who had been appointed to a form in the school though he came from a Board School himself:—

"This boy that you would raise here, is it the true type?—the boy who associates with those who wear a certain clothing, and have a certain income, whatever it may be, and may not associate with others, whatever they may be? This is to exalt into realities things that are not real—clothing, the outside of things—and to depress all that is real—virtue, merriment, and humanity. And these manners you teach your pupils, are they good manners? Good manners must spring from a heart of courtesy; but these manners you teach are manners which are good on the outside only, and cover a gross, barbarous heart. Look at your own, the outcome of what you teach."

It may be said that the book is old, and the hideous revelation has become antiquated now. It is true the book is old; so let us take an article in this month's "Contemporary Review." It is called "The First Reform in Education," and is written by Mr. J. H. Simpson, obviously himself a public-school master. Speaking of the secondary schoolmaster, he says:—

"In professional interests of the narrower kind nobody is more thoroughly immersed than he. Nobody is more frequently accused of boring his company with 'shop'; nobody's conversation, it is said, is more lacking in variety and allusiveness. But the indifference of teachers as a body to movements both within and without the profession which are bound to influence the development of education is astonishing."

"The plain fact is," he writes further on, "that the majority of classical teachers have made up their mind not to abandon one tittle, if they can help it, of their familiar 'grammar-grind,' and have therefore turned a deaf ear to the missionaries of the new system. An impartial observer might be forgiven the conclusion that not only the classical curriculum, but the traditional method of imparting it, are a vested interest to be retained not on any educational ground, but for some ulterior reason, perhaps less creditable to its defenders."

When a public-school master himself confesses that such is still the general character of the teaching which those enthusiastic undergraduates have received before they reached the University, we may indeed feel astonishment at the splendor of the change now visible. It is similar to the change that Dr. Schofield spoke of in his recent lecture at the Victoria Institute—the change in youthful women:—

"The coming picture is on nobler, grander lines. The gentle submission and downcast eye may not be easy to find nowadays, but they are replaced by the candid and clear look of complete emancipation, and the upright figure of the free-born."

What may have effected this change in youth, we are not sure. We are inclined to attribute it to the earnestness that grew in the war—the serious questioning of life and death, the sense of reality, and the equality of classes among scenes of horror and peril. Also to the wholesome distrust of the old, whether in life or in tradition. But whatever the cause, there the transfiguration is; and if the rapture of youth has lost something of its former carelessness, it is no less fine but rather the finer for the loss.

THE BEE'S DAY.

WHEN the January day is seasonable, that is, not the abnormal "muggy" day that has been our lot of late, nothing but direct sunshine wakes up the bee. The sun, wandering behind the eastern and southern hills, only manages to peep into the garden at about twelve o'clock. When he has shone on the hives for half an hour or so, the cluster of bees clinging tight to the central combs swells a little as the individuals stir in their sleep. The livelier members of the community stretch themselves and perhaps wander round the edge of a neighboring vacant comb. Perhaps you see one testing the air on the alighting-board, or two comparing notes about the rumor of spring that is being whispered. Or away in the garden, a bee hums round you and you decide from the note of its hum that it has come out for a drop of water. If so, for what other purpose than to feed the first tiny batch of grubs growing from the queen's first eggs of the year in the midst of the winter cluster? The sun passes on, cold redescends on the garden and the bees that stretched their legs and went off adventurously into the cold parts of the hive, return to the cluster which contracts to the dimensions of full sleep. The bee's winter day is ended.

On another day, also in the winter, the temperature may get up just at the height of the sun, to a pitch that induces the cleansing flight. The first bee out rises on the wing and indulges in a joy-dance, to and fro and up and down. Her hum, sounding *crescendo* and *diminuendo* through the doorway, calls others to the dance, and soon a few hundred bees are curvetting in the sunshine, some in small circles, others in large, their wings glancing like diamonds through the air and bright sprays falling as the little bodies are relieved of the waste of a long winter's feeding. Nothing near the whole population is seen on the wing together, so probably the dance of each individual is very brief, new performers constantly appearing and tired ones as constantly retiring. In half-an-hour the exercise may be finished, and the little creatures, warmed and invigorated by the midday service, cling again more and more tightly in their cluster. Such another day may not come for a month, and during that time, if the weather is cold, a silence almost like that of the tomb reigns in the hive.

Even in the coldest, dearest weather, there is some hero bee that gets up and tidies up the crumbs of wax broken in the sleepy carouse and even carries out the bodies of comrades that have died since last flight-time. When the weather is very cold, the little scraps are dropped only just without the door. When it is a little warmer, they are carried half-way down the alighting-board, and in sunshine you can see brave live bees hook themselves to dead ones and carry them on the wing to a safe and sanitary distance from the hive. This simple act of carrying off the dead is the one lately chosen by a friend as the breaking point of his credulity when he was being told a little about a bee's instinct. Nor do these sanitators choose the warmest and brightest hour of the day for their voluntary labor. We ourselves do not get up so early in the morning that we cannot see when first we look at the hive that is opposite the window a few grains of wax upon the doorstep that were not there over night. It is a perilous job for the little sweeper. Apart from the cluster she may not have warmth enough

to keep her limbs moving till she regains the living stove, and then she must freeze to death even within the hive.

A cold winter is better than a mild one for the bees. When it is cold they sleep; to sleep is to live slowly, and that needs little food. In a mild winter the bees are always awake and moving about a little, and consuming a great deal more food than when they are asleep. Their stores have melted to a very low ebb for the time of year, and the Food Controller only allows them six pounds of sugar per hive to keep them till the end of May. The latter fact may be beyond their knowledge, but the poverty of their combs is patent enough. It argues then great faith or imprudence in them to begin raising extra mouths on old honey or candy and water from the bare earth. They have, perhaps, a little pollen from the ivy blossom, which ceased to yield last November. The cold blossom of the laurestinus is now open, but has not yet attracted a bee, nor did they even come to a few dazzling blue eyes that the hepatica opened one sunny hour. Yet they have undoubtedly coaxed their queen into laying a little circle of eggs in the winter nest, and are feeding the grubs under a blanket of throbbing bodies.

Soon, the sun will be shining on snowdrops, whose proper name is Fair Maids of February. They are almost too chaste to be kissed, but the bees will kiss them, indiscriminately with chionodoxa, though in summer no bee visits two kinds of flower at one outing. In March come the crocuses, which are a stepping-stone to pussey-willow, colt's foot, dandelion—all the flowers of summer, but before we have reached the May, all the bees in our hive now, save only the queen, will be dead. Six months' life will have worn them out, even though it consists of long winter nights of sleep and a few joyous spring days among the new flowers. Little more than six weeks will be the life-span of those that work in May and June among the hot flowers of that time, when the sun rides high for twelve good hours and the fanners must keep the hive roaring all night, that the cooks can get the honey nicely packed away for the winter.

Just a peep out of doors at the bare earth that will some day put on flowers, then one's rations from the next file and off to sleep again in the cluster—that is the bee's day in winter. In the summer, the hive is pouring bees into the blue air like the shots from several machine-guns. The returning bees fall like snow and would drift the porch a foot deep in a few seconds, if the crowd did not melt into the hive as fast as it falls. What is the bee's day in this strenuous time? How many journeys does each one take into the summer fields; how many times does it return laden with honey and pollen? Strangely enough, only three or four times. Men have marked bees with an unmistakable splash of paint, and have then watched them out of and into the hive all through a summer day. You can reach the same astonishing conclusion by means of a little mathematics. There are scarcely ten really busy honey-gathering hours in a June day. That gives six hundred minutes. Count the bees flying out of a hive in one minute, you will not make them more than two hundred. Thus, in the ten hours there are a hundred and twenty thousand bee-journeys. If the population of the hive is sixty thousand, only forty thousand bees are honey-gatherers—the others are covering the brood, feeding it, taking honey and pollen from the foragers, putting them in the cells, and generally occupied in household duties. Thus forty thousand bees make a hundred and twenty thousand journeys, or only three apiece.

They bring in forty thousand drops of honey, or rather, honey plus water, and if the hive is weighed at morning and at evening it is found to have gained about five pounds in weight. During the night, much of the moisture is fanned away by the wings of the bees appointed to that office. It is hard work, vibrating the wings as though flying at speed and hanging on with one's claws so as not to be blown away. In fact, one works in summer the whole clock round, so that others may sleep the clock round in the cold dead of winter.

Letters to the Editor.

EGYPT AND THE PROTECTORATE.

SIR,—I hereby wish to tender to you, in the name of the Egyptian people and in my own name, the deepest and most sincere expression of gratitude for the admirable spirit of liberalism of which you have given such proof in your paper by publishing every article on the Egyptian question which we have sent you.

I wish to thank you quite especially also for your own articles written on the subject, which have been couched in a language so noble and show such a resolve to put our cause before the British public in its true light, that our hearts go out to you in one spontaneous bravo, more especially as we know full well what difficulties beset the path which you have chosen, and, knowing this, we appreciate your efforts all the more.

Some time ago the "Westminster Gazette" published a letter from someone who, alas, like so many British officials, thinks he knows the heart of our race. He pretended that the whole Egyptian movement was due to the dislike of the people to the word "Protectorate," and suggested that to put an end to the whole problem the British Government should put "its heads together" to find a substitute. As we are anxious that the British public should know what we think of such an absurdity, I would beg you to be good enough to insert the following in your paper:—

A correspondent to the "Westminster Gazette" in the issue of January 12th stated that the chief obstacle that Lord Milner and his fellow Commissioners have to surmount in Egypt is the local objection to the word "Protectorate." He suggests that this obstacle could be removed by employing another term which would have the same meaning, and at the same time would not sound objectionable to the Egyptians. Thus, according to his opinion, it would seem that the trouble between England and Egypt would merely lie in the use of a word; and would no longer exist if another term were substituted, while the meaning would remain unaltered. If that were so, the whole Egyptian question can thus be summed up: that the Egyptians are a childish and ignorant people who rise in revolt and sacrifice themselves for the sake of a mere word. The British Government, on the other hand, must be excessively cruel and most foolish to run the risk of incurring the hatred of a whole nation, shedding the blood of thousands of her sons, filling the prisons with the innocent, rather than alter a word. We wish to state, however, that the Egyptians are neither so stupid, nor the British Government so foolish. The difference does not lie in a mere word but in essentials which we shall now define.

The first result of the Protectorate would be the loss of our external independence, so that the protected country could have no direct relations with the other Powers. The second would be the interference of the protecting country in the internal management of the protected State—interference which would completely paralyze our internal independence. Both of these results can be clearly seen in the proclamation of the British Government issued on December 18th, 1914, concerning the Protectorate. It was published in Egypt and communicated to the foreign Powers. Everybody knows what the Protectorate means now. Lord Curzon in the House of Lords and Lord Allenby in Egypt have explained it only too well. The Egyptian Ministry for Foreign Affairs has been abolished, and British advisers are complete masters in their ministries. They have the reins of all internal affairs in their hands and their word is law.

This is what, so far, the Egyptians have learnt of the real meaning of the word "Protectorate." The Egyptians, on the other hand, will never accept it and will never cease to struggle for their independence. It is the meaning of the word that the Egyptians object to, and it is the meaning of it that the British Government is persisting in applying. Therefore, the attempt to satisfy the Egyptians

by changing the word "Protectorate" for another is merely attempting the impossible once more.

Thanking you in anticipation and again assuring you of our undying gratitude.—Yours, &c.,

SAAD ZAGLOUL.

President of the Egyptian Delegation.

RUSSIA AND THE BORDER STATES.

SIR,—In your issue of January 31st Mr. A. F. Kerenski, in an article on the "Dismemberment of Russia," makes some lucid statements on intervention, but his views on the rôle of the Border Peoples could give rise to some misunderstanding. I should be very glad if you would allow me to represent also the point of view of the Russian Border Peoples.

Mr. Kerenski states that "England mostly supported its national policy in Russia, as was done a little bit earlier by Germany on the plea of the necessity of defending 'the rights of small nations to self-determination.'"

There is, however, an essential difference. Germany dismembered Russia by coercion. Generally, the German Military Command appointed the local authorities who demanded the separation from Russia and the closest alliance with Germany. Britain has not followed such a policy. The Border States have their own democratic Government, freely elected by general franchise, and their demand for independence is the demand of the people themselves.

Mr. Kerenski accuses the Allies of not allowing a strong democratic Russia to recuperate. "Only those Englishmen are entitled to advocate dismemberment of other States, and of Russia in particular, who are ready to grant full independence to all the parts of the British Empire that are desirous of it." Unfortunately, it must be pointed out that a democratic Russia is still only a dream, but that the separation of the Border States is the result of facts. The comparison of the British Empire with Russia is not quite appropriate. The British Metropolis is without doubt, culturally, on a higher level than her dominions. This cannot be said of Russia (with the exception, naturally, of the comparatively small educated classes) and the Border Peoples. In the process of the struggle against Russian anarchy the Border Peoples have created their democratic régime, whereas in Russia herself the democracy is still so feeble and passive that she is to-day the battlefield of two coercive forces: the dictatorship of the commissaries and that of the Czarist generals. The future of Russia is still clouded in obscurity. We have seen at the Dorpat Peace Conference the Bolshevik leaders in suspicious neighborhood with the Czarist generals. It is not impossible that after the lapse of some time, as in the French Revolution, we shall see only the generals.

Therefore, the Border Peoples want to keep as far as possible away from Russian internal troubles. They will not go contrary to the vital interests of Russia, but from the great catastrophe in Eastern Europe they have drawn the inference that every nation must work out its own salvation.—Yours, &c.,

ED. LAAMAN.

The Estonian Press Bureau,
167, Queen's Gate, S.W. 7.

CLARTE.

SIR,—As numerous inquiries have reached us as to the proposed nature of the activities of the English Section of Clarté, I shall be glad if you will allow me space to tabulate briefly the main points of our programme.

The Society has been formed to promote the cause of International Socialism, and is thus primarily a propaganda society. The activities which the English Section have in view are:—

- (1) The issue of books and pamphlets which express the ideas for which the Society stands.
- (2) The organization of lectures. (The Society has a number of lecturers among its members, and dates may be booked on application to the Secretary.)
- (3) The organization of international art exhibitions.
- (4) The holding of meetings which delegates from

abroad, particularly from ex-enemy countries, will be invited to attend.

(5) The issue of a weekly or monthly periodical.

It will be the object of the Society to bring men of science, writers, artists, and all brain workers into direct touch with those of other countries, and thus to help to break down the barriers which the capitalist Governments have erected between the different nations.

For the carrying out of any part of this programme funds are urgently required. Forms of membership and further particulars may be obtained on application.—Yours, &c.,

DOUGLAS GOLDBRING.

General Secretary.

Clarté (English Section), 5, York Buildings,
Adelphi, W.C. 2.

MR. ASQUITH AND PAISLEY.

SIR,—I do not think that anyone whose judgment is moved by heart as well as brain can have read your article and your notes about Mr. Asquith with anything but respect. To be loyal is the mark of a generous mind. Your attachment to the Liberal Party and to the person of Mr. Asquith, impel you to hope for his success at Paisley and to put the most favorable construction upon his speeches.

You say truly also that at this moment a "commanding figure," familiar to the country as a holder of the highest offices of State, would be of immense value. One great difficulty that Labor would have to face, if it came into power now, would be the absence of such a figure from among those who are otherwise entirely competent to take office. A large section of the public will watch a Labor Cabinet as nervously as an old lady watches a new chauffeur. Every swerve of the car, every grind of the gears, disturbs the old lady's confidence. She would not notice them if the old chauffeur to whom she had grown accustomed were still at the wheel.

All governments make slips and false starts, and this large section of the public will be on the look-out for them when Labor is in power, ready to greet each of them with "We told you so." If, for a time, Labor could enlist the services of a Minister to whom the nation is accustomed, and in whom Labor can believe, this difficulty would be met.

But is there anyone, not influenced by sentiments of loyalty and old association, who thinks that Mr. Asquith is the man for such a position? Your own article supplies the answer. It is entitled "What Mr. Asquith Can Say." Not "what he has said" nor "what he will say." What he can say! Even you are doubtful about it.

Should Mr. Asquith, under pressure of election necessities, make the clear statements which you long to hear from him, can we forget that often in the past he has laid down policy in general terms, with sonorous phraseology, and then either acted in an opposite sense (e.g., the secret treaties) or taken no action at all?

Labor does not, my dear Editor, trust Mr. Asquith. How can it trust him? He represents the type of politician which shuffled us into the morass. He belongs to the past. You say that if he is beaten the Liberal Party will sink "it may well be not to rise again for a generation." But the Liberal Party has sunk already, for good and all. Neither Mr. Asquith nor anyone else can re-establish it. It was the creation of Mr. Gladstone, and when the life went out of him the life went out of it. The swinging defeat of the Tories in 1906 was not a triumph for Liberalism, but a savage expression of public temper exasperated by philosophic trifling.

Your Tory is a permanent factor in political conflict. So is your Radical. Liberalism was a passing phase, a bridge. Now the need for it is over. The two real antagonists, reaction and progress, force and justice, privilege and the square deal, are marshalling their strengths in order of battle. There is no place for a middle party. Let those who have been Liberals and who have moved with the times take their stand with the new army. I have no doubt they will be welcomed. I believe Mr. Asquith might have gained the support of Labor if he had made open confession,

if he had shown that the war had taught him to revise all his ideas.

Now it seems probable that Labor will defeat him, and one of my reasons for hoping to see him defeated is that then THE NATION will cease from sentimental hankering after dead Liberalism and will throw its noble ardor, its generous faith, entirely on the side of a party hampered by no outworn tradition, no guilty past; the party which is now marching into the promised land towards which Liberalism spasmodically struggled, but which it could not live to see.—Yours, &c.,

HAMILTON FYPE.

THE BAN ON ORIGINALITY.

SIR,—The question raised by your contributor, H. M. T., in your last issue, is one of such importance that I should like to draw further attention to it both on account of its timeliness and because it boldly attacks a situation which the Press in general usually ignores.

What chance has the individual writer with any artistic conscience of making himself heard to-day? The monstrous amalgamations of capital on the one hand, as well as the equally monstrous indifference of the laboring classes to anything but the most gross material enjoyments, tend to overlook entirely his existence. If one chooses to be a writer, one has but a choice of evils. Either one must pander to the taste of the public by providing it with something like "Tarzan of the Apes," or one must seek to attract attention to one's own work by adopting the flaming manifestoes and inane eccentricities of cubism, futurism, vorticism, dadaism, &c. Either of these alternatives is equally disastrous to art, as the present age can testify.

I have reason to think that never have there been so many writers of individual talent living in circumstances of obscurity as there are to-day. I know of a novelist who, though past middle-age, has only recently had his first book accepted after a dozen or more refusals. The book was printed but cannot be bought now because "there is no public demand for it." I know of another short-story writer whose work has waited in vain for publication since the days of *The Yellow Book*! And even I—to take but a small instance—have just had a collection of verse which cost me five years' work, refused by the sixth publisher to whom it was submitted.

H. M. T. is to be congratulated for his courage in saying that in the old days of patronage, an artist was occasionally permitted to survive, whereas at present he has no such opportunity. Yet if our civilization is doomed (as to some of us it almost seems to deserve to be) it will be because no one was wise enough to profit by the artist's love, experience, and knowledge of nature and humanity.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

37, Crystal Palace Park Road, Sydenham.

A WAY TO HELP CENTRAL EUROPE.

SIR,—Canon E. A. Burroughs, in the "Observer" of February 1st, has an article entitled "Truth Seen Too Late," which should be read by all men and women of goodwill, in which he calls for a "Vote in Parliament allotting so many millions to each starving people at once, not as a loan but as a National Gift."

He also suggests that "A day should be arranged on which all who willed and could afford it, should work for Central Europe, every miner, for instance, giving his day's labor free, and every coal owner making a gift of the coal raised from his pits that day, and all we others giving the value of one day's earnings or income. The actual sum raised would be enormous, but the moral impression would be of greater value still, as well as the new spirit it would bring among ourselves. . . . But most important of all, perhaps, would be the quickening again of Hope among the despairing peoples helped, the warming of their hearts towards us and all men, and the dawn of a new faith in God and man at once."

It is not only physical but also mental and intellectual

starvation from which the people of Central Europe are suffering.

I have a letter, dated January 11th, from a friend in Budapest, in which he says: "On account of the bad exchange and the poverty of the country, it is almost impossible to get any scientific foreign literature and papers. Your 'Engineering' costs you 8d. in England. Now 8d. at the present rate of exchange is equal to 20 kronen, and with postage, &c., it would cost us 30 kronen, or the daily wage of the best paid scientist here. If, therefore, a doctor in your country who reads the 'Lancet' and can do without it when he has read it, or an engineer can do without his 'Engineering' or the 'Engineer,' or the 'Coal and Iron Trade Review,' and would send them on to me, the poor educated classes will bless you."

My friend also begs that "some publishers will pity these unfortunates, and send one copy of their new scientific publications, which I will place in one of the public libraries here."

Before the war my friend was assistant manager of one of the large iron and steel firms in this country, and is now a consulting engineer in Hungary.

I feel sure that some of your readers will be only too glad of such an opportunity to feed the mental hunger of their late enemies, and so help "to warm their hearts to us and to all men, and help the dawn of a new faith in God and man," as Canon Burroughs has suggested.

Papers or books may be sent direct to M. W. Fodor, Budapest, VI., Eotvos-Utca, 29, IV., I., Hungary, or if sent to me I will forward with copies of THE NATION and other papers which I send out to him.—Yours, &c.,

JAS. EDW. TUKE.

27, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. 2.

VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

THE Editor acknowledges, with many thanks, receipt of the following sums:—

	£	s.	d.
Dr. H. P. Fairlie	5 0 0
The Christadelphian Community in Kidderminster	4 4 0
Congregational Church, Salisbury, per the Rev.
T. Wemyss Reid	4 0 3
X.	2 0 0
G. B. Symes, Esq.	2 0 0
"Cymro Arall"	1 0 0
W. F. Q.	1 0 0

Poetry.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

THIS love I gave to thee
That bettered it might be,
From me it went not when to thee 'twas given.
Bestowed, it grows not less;
That thou and I possess
This double single is the gift of Heaven.

Also her secret. Here
Parting doth not appear.
This thing is one, whether thine eyes or mine
Be windows thereunto:
Here wisdom, searching through,
Finds love at home, into God's courts they shine.

So in the broken bread
Love by Himself is fed,
And comes reborn in each life-healing deed;
And, through all hands which serve,
We take, taste, and preserve
That life of endless love which fits our need.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- ✓ "Henry Fox, First Lord Holland, His Family and Relations." By the Earl of Ilchester. Two Vols. (Murray. 32s.)
- ✓ "Twentieth Century French Writers." By Madame Duclaux. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
- ✓ "Henry V." By R. B. Mowat, M.A. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)
- ✓ "Three Lancashire Plays." By Harold Brighouse. (Fench. 6s.)
- ✓ "Short Studies in the Art of Music." By Herbert Antcliffe. (Kegan Paul. 4s. 6d.)

* * *

In some book-gossip or other I recently read an elegy on the *Commonplace Book*, in which the writer deplored its demise through its incompatibility with modern literary business. I cannot say I agree, for the *Commonplace Book* really exists to-day re-materialized in the modern "intellectual" novel. I do not mean the autobiographical fashion of a few years ago so much as the novel-scrap-book, a heterogeneous compound of political views, criticism, psychoanalysis, bits of narrative, social history, description, reflection, character-sketches, sexual problems, and what not—a sort of voluminous marginalia to the text of contemporary life, none of it of much permanent value, but interesting as a running commentary about things we all know and suffer. It interests us not as the inspiration and philosophy of great literature interest us, but through our natural human curiosity, our passion for inquiring of our acquaintances: "Well, what do you think of so-and-so?"

* * *

ONE has a friendly feeling towards such books, partly because one realizes that they are doomed, doomed for good and for bad reasons. They do not deserve to last, because having their noses glued to the window-pane, they are unable to see anything. They observe, but they do not reveal. On the other hand, they are—or were—a forlorn hope to break down the exclusive professionalism or departmentalism of modern literature, which is so ominous a sign of our times. If literature is ever to escape the devil and emerge from the deep sea, squeeze a way through the Scylla of Capital and the Charybdis of Labor, it can only be by expropriating itself, by throwing down its "Trespassers will be prosecuted" boards, uprooting its absurd barbed-wire enclosures and coming out into the world, the world of men and beasts and planets. A defence of this departmentalism appeared in a monthly magazine the other day, in which the writer told us that literature had nothing to do with politics or science or humanity or any mortal or immortal thing except itself. Look at Shakespeare, said the writer, &c.! Shakespeare's interest in politics, science, and a great many other secular matters was, of course, profound, or he could never have written "Hamlet" or "King Lear," and there is not a single *great* man of letters (or scientist or politician) who has not concerned himself with the meaning of the universe (science) and the problems of mankind (politics).

* * *

THE writer did not quote Keats, though he is the stock argument of the art-for-art's-sakers. Even with Keats, the most literary of poets, the edition for the defence would have to be heavily expurgated. I take the following remarks about commerce from *Isabella*:—

"For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark;
For them his ears gush'd blood: for them in death
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark:
Half-ignorant; they turn'd an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and reel."

Blue-pencil it, it smells of crusading and humanitarian heresy! Of course, the effect of this literary monasticism is to make corners in all the other branches of human knowledge and thought. They all become little Jack Horners, all of them have their special jargons, until professionalism in literature, science, and politics becomes a curse in the world.

* * *

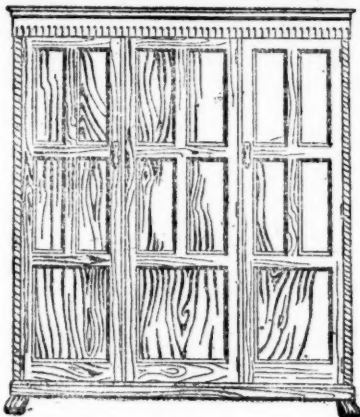
A NOVEL ("The Wasted Island," by Eimar O'Duffy. Lester, Dublin) has just been published which deals with the history of Ireland during the last few years, up to the Rebellion of 1916. Being but another *Commonplace Book*, it is a patchwork and interesting not because it is in any sense a great or harmonious work of art, but simply because a real man wrote it, a real man who cannot be content with turning a complacent back upon the miseries and hopes of the world. He hates and he loves, and if he can never quite make up his mind between the two, that is better than neither hating nor loving. The book is strongly Nationalist, and Irish Nationalism is nothing intrinsically superior to German or English Nationalism. Indeed one of the heroes, who reads Plato, is disgusted with Dickens and is cruel to animals, proposes, when Ireland is freed, to have "a far larger standing army" than any of the Big Powers. None of the devoted Kosciuskos of the book possesses so much as a school debating-society idea of what kind of a nation to make Ireland when she becomes a nation, and their common adherence to the crudest *Weltpolitik* schemes for freeing Ireland makes one reflect that, when Ireland is free, she may be just as tyrannical as any other powerful Western nation. That, of course, in no way affects the logic of her plea, even with a second Poland at the end of the syllogism. The point is slavery, and the character of the slave you are bound to free (especially when you have helped to make him what he is) is no argument for keeping him in bondage. Indeed Mr. O'Duffy, for all his *naïvetés*, does not scruple, in his honest rage of despair and love, to lash the hides of his own countrymen as vigorously as he does ours. We Irish are slackers, he says; our literature is "the work of the lazy men of a lazy nation"; we are shiftless, inefficient, dishonest, sordid, conceited, intolerant of criticism, insincere, and "damnable, shallowly clever." As for the chastity of Irishwomen, "I," says one of the Sinn Feiners delightfully, "I never had any difficulty with them." Modern Irish Romanticism he treats with the utmost contempt—it is all the humbug of a hard, prosaic temperament that knows how to make a very good thing out of friends and enemies alike.

* * *

BUT apart from the book's chequered picture of young Ireland and its high-spirited advocacy of the Republic, it is one of the very few modern books, almost the only one we know, which calls upon the arts to make rights of way through their little private estates and to abandon their pontifical aloofness and dogmas that the affairs of life "are beneath the artist's attention." Mr. O'Duffy, to his credit, does not interpret this as a call upon poets to become Jingoes and Nationalists. They have shown themselves willing enough to chant war-songs without any persuasion. What it amounts to is the demand of Christ, Shelley, and Blake: "Believe and testify and you shall save others—not to mention yourselves."

H. J. M.

THE 'OVERTON' SUITE.



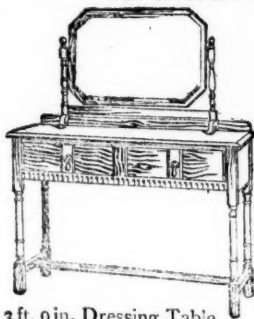
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Reviews.

AN ENEMY OF THE MODERNS.

"Rousseau and Romanticism." By IRVING BABBITT.
(Constable. 17s. net.)

It is rather odd that two of the ablest American critics should also be two of the most unsparing enemies of romanticism in literature. Professor Babbitt and Mr. Paul Elmer More cannot get over the French Revolution. They seem to think that the rights of man have poisoned literature. One suspects that they have their doubts even about the American Revolution; for there, too, the rights of man were asserted against the lust of power. It is only fair to Professor Babbitt to say that he does not defend the lust of power. On the contrary, he damns it, and explains it as the logical and almost inevitable outcome of the rights of man! The steps of the process by which the change is effected are these. First, we have the Rousseaus asserting that the natural man is essentially good, but that he has been depraved by an artificial social system imposed on him from without. Instead of there being a quarrel between good and evil in his breast, they see only the quarrel between the innate good in man and his evil environment. They hold that all will be well if only he is set free—if his genius or natural impulses are liberated. "Rousseauism is . . . an emancipation of impulse—especially of the impulse of sex." It is a gospel of egoism and leaves little room for conscience. Hence it makes men megalomaniacs, and the lust for dominion is given its head no less than the lust of the flesh. "In the absence of ethical discipline," writes Professor Babbitt, "the lust for knowledge and the lust for feeling count very little, at least practically, compared with the third main lust of human nature—the lust for power. Hence the emergence of that most sinister of all types, the efficient megalomaniac." In the result it appears that not only Rousseau and Hugo, but Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley, helped to bring about the European War! Had there been no wars, no tyrants, and no lascivious men before Rousseau, we should have been ready to take Professor Babbitt's indictment more seriously.

Professor Babbitt, however, has a serious philosophic idea at the back of all he says. He believes that man at his noblest lives the life of obligation rather than of impulse; and that romantic literature discourages him in this. He holds that man should rise from the plane of nature to the plane of humanism or the plane of religion, and that to live according to one's temperament, as the romanticists preach, is to sink back from human nature, in the best sense, to animal nature. He takes the view that men of science since Bacon, by the great conquests they have made in the material sphere, have prepared man to take the romantic and boastful view of himself. "If men had not been so heartened by scientific progress they would have been less ready, we may be sure, to listen to Rousseau when he affirmed that they were naturally good." Not that Professor Babbitt looks on us as utterly evil and worthy of damnation. He objects to the gloomy Jonathan-Edwards view, because it helps to precipitate by reaction the opposite extreme—"the boundless sycophancy of human nature from which we are now suffering." It was, perhaps, in reaction against the priests that Rousseau made the most boastful announcements of his righteousness. "Rousseau feels himself so good that he is ready, as he declares, to appear before the Almighty at the sound of the trumpet of the Last Judgment, with the book of his 'Confessions' in his hand, and there to issue a challenge to the whole human race, 'Let a single one assert to Thee if he dare: "I am better than that man."'" Rousseau would have been saved from this fustian virtue, Professor Babbitt thinks, if he had accepted either the classic or the religious view of life: for the classic view imposes on human nature the discipline of decorum, while the religious view imposes the discipline of humility. Human nature, he holds, requires the restrictions of the everlasting "No." Virtue is a struggle within iron limitations, not an easy gush of feeling. At the same time, Professor Babbitt does not offer us as a cure for our troubles the decorum of the Pharisees and the pseudo-classicists, who bid

us obey outward rules instead of imitating a spirit. He wishes our men of letters to rediscover the ethical imagination of the Greeks. "True classicism," he observes, "does not rest on the observance of rules or the imitation of modes, but on an immediate insight into the universal." The romanticists, he thinks, cultivate not the awe we find in the great writers, but mere wonder. He takes Poe as a typical romanticist. "It is not easy to discover in either the personality or writings of Poe an atom of awe or reverence. On the other hand, he both experiences wonder and seeks in his art to be a pure wondersmith."

One of the results of putting wonder above awe is that the romanticists unduly praise the ignorant—the savage, the peasant, and the child. Wordsworth here comes in for denunciation for having hailed a child of six as "Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!" Christ, Professor Babbitt tells us, praised the child not for its capacity for wonder but for its freedom from sin. The romanticist, on the other hand, loves the spontaneous gush of wonder. He loves day-dreams, Arcadianism, fairy-tale Utopianism. He begins with an uncontrolled fancy and ends with an uncontrolled character. He tries all sorts of false gods—nature-worship, art-worship, humanitarianism, sentimentalism about animals. As regards the last of these, romanticism, according to the author, has meant the rehabilitation of the ass, and the Rousseauists are guilty of onolatry. "Medical men have given a learned name to the malady of those who neglect the members of their own family and gush over animals (zoöphilopsychosis). But Rousseau already exhibits this 'psychosis.' He abandoned his five children one after the other, but had, we are told, an unspeakable affection for his dog." As for the worship of nature, it leads to a "wise passiveness" instead of the wise energy of knowledge and virtue, and leads man to idle in pantheistic reveries. "In Rousseau or Walt Whitman it amounts to a sort of ecstatic animality that sets up as a divine illumination." Professor Babbitt distrusts ecstasy as he distrusts Arcadianism. He perceives the mote of Arcadianism, we may say incidentally, in "the light that never was on sea or land." He has no objection to a "return to nature," if it is for purposes of recreation: he denounces it, however, when it is set up as a cult or "a substitute for philosophy and religion." He denounces, indeed, every kind of "painless substitute for genuine spiritual effort." He admires the difficult virtues, and holds that the gift of sympathy or pity or fraternity is in their absence hardly worth having.

On points of this kind, we fancy, he would have had on his side Wordsworth, Coleridge, Browning, and many of the other "Rousseauists" whom he attacks. Professor Babbitt, however, is a merciless critic, and the writers of the nineteenth century, who seemed to most of us veritable monsters of ethics, are to him simply false prophets of romanticism and scientific complacency. "The nineteenth century," he declares, "may very well prove to have been the most wonderful and the least wise of centuries." He admits the immense materialistic energy of the century, but this did not make up for the lack of a genuine philosophic insight in life and literature. Man is a morally indolent animal, and he was never more so than when he was working "with something approaching frenzy according to the natural law." Faced with the problem of a romantic spiritual sloth accompanied by a materialistic, physical, and even intellectual energy, the author warns us that "the discipline that helps a man to self-mastery is found to have a more important bearing on his happiness than the discipline that helps him to a mastery of physical nature." He sees a peril to our civilization in our absorption in the temporal and our failure to discover that "something abiding" on which civilization must rest. He quotes Aristotle's anti-romantic saying that "most men would rather live in a disorderly than in a sober manner." He feels that in conduct, politics, and the arts, we have, as the saying is, "plumped for" the disorderly manner to-day.

His book is a very useful challenge to the times, though it is a dangerous book to put in the hands of anyone inclined to Conservatism. After all, romanticism was a great liberating force. It liberated men, not from decorum, but from pseudo-decorum—not from humility, but from subser-

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viency. We are ready to admit that, without humility and decorum of the true kind, liberty is only pseudo-liberty, equality only pseudo-equality, and fraternity only pseudo-fraternity. We are afraid, however, that in getting rid of the vices of romanticism Professor Babbitt would throw away the baby with the bath water.

Where Professor Babbitt goes wrong, in our opinion, is in not realizing that romanticism with its emphasis on rights is a necessary counterpart to classicism with its emphasis on duties. Each of them tries to do without the other. The most notorious romantic lovers were men who failed to realize the necessity of fidelity, just as the brood of minor romantic artists to-day fail to realize the necessity of tradition. On the other hand, the classicist-in-excess prefers a world in which men shall preserve the decorum of servants to a world in which they shall attain to the decorum of equals. Professor Babbitt refers to the pseudo-classical drama of seventeenth-century France, in which men confused nobility of language with the language of the nobility. He himself unfortunately is not free from similar prejudices. He is antipathetic, so far as we can see, to any movement for a better social system than we already possess. He is definitely in reaction against the whole forward movement of the last two centuries. We think he has pointed out certain flaws in the moderns, but he has failed to appreciate their virtues. Literature to-day is less noble than the literature of Shakespeare, partly, we think, because men have lost the "sense of sin." Without the sense of sin we cannot have the greatest tragedy. The Greeks and Shakespeare perceived the contrast between the pure and the impure, the noble and the base, as no writer perceives it to-day. Romanticism undoubtedly led to a confusion of moral values. On the other hand, it was a necessary counterblast to formalism. We hold that, in the great books of the world, in "Isaiah" and the Gospels, the best elements of both the classic and the romantic are found working together in harmony. If Christ were living to-day, is Professor Babbitt quite sure that he himself would not have censured the anthropophil-psychosis of "Consider the lilies of the field"?

GALLIPOLI AGAIN.

"The Dardanelles." By Major-General Sir C. E. CALLWELL, K.C.B. (Constable. 18s. net.)

THE controversy over the Dardanelles Expedition is likely to last long among students of war, and many histories of the enterprise are sure to be written, because such a theme is irresistibly attractive even to the popular mind. It possesses all the essentials of tragic drama—unity of place, unity of time, grandeur of action, and a heroism of conduct that holds our sympathy always on the side of the sufferers under doom. The drama had a beginning, a middle, and an end. From start to finish it was all played within the compass of one year. The scene was small, but vital in the history of the world, and already hallowed by immortal tradition. The General was as fine a type of ardent and unyielding nature as ever adorned the legends of romantic chivalry. The men were the noblest examples of the British and Irish nations, together with the noblest examples of the races sprung from them. And the fate which directed the drama to its tragic end took the form, on the one side, of a gallant and pertinacious enemy, displaying unexpected qualities, and on the other side, of a far-off Government perplexed in the extreme, driven to and fro by the winds of contrary opinions, torn between two desires that could not be fulfilled together, half-hearted in support, ultimately refusing aid, and acquiescing in failure.

General Callwell's book is written mainly for soldiers. It forms one of Messrs. Constable's excellent series of "Campaigns and Their Lessons," and General Callwell was specially qualified to write it.

During the war he was Director of Military Operations at the War Office, and he had been, I believe, the author of the Report issued in 1906 upon any possible occupation of the Gallipoli Peninsula in case of a war with Turkey—a Report which can have been little if at all consulted by Mr. Churchill when he conceived the brilliant strategic idea of

attacking Constantinople through the Straits. Presumably, General Callwell was before 1906 personally acquainted with the geography of the Peninsula, at all events so far as it can be known from the sea, and the one qualification that he lacked (for he is known as an excellent writer) was actual presence during the campaign—that personal experience of events and difficulties which give a peculiar interest to history.

The story is told with the accuracy and straightforward impartiality that might be expected. All that is essential in the progress of the great drama is investigated and narrated with skill, and in spite of the Dardanelles Commission and its two admirable Reports, it is still no easy business to make such a narrative clear and true. The details of separate movements, in cases where no direct military lesson was to be learnt, are omitted or only cursorily noticed; for the whole purpose of the series is military instruction and the training of our officers for the innumerable future wars of which the Treaties of Versailles have sown the seeds. Consequently, after the accounts of each main event, whether success or failure, General Callwell adds a passage of "Comment," criticizing that action and pointing out where the causes of success or failure lay. To all military students and to all who, like myself, are intimately acquainted with the campaign, these Comments will naturally be the most valuable and interesting parts of the volume.

It is evident that from the first the author was opposed to the scheme as a whole. He thought that the strategic objects, valuable as they were, might have been gained by a landing at Alexandretta with less risk and less cost. Many held that view and favored such a landing even up to the end of the campaign. Coming to more practical points, he naturally deplores the early attempts to force the Straits with the ships alone, and the warning thus given to the enemy. At once the German officers and the Turks began their preparations for defence, and the long delay in the arrival of our land forces, the necessity of sending the transports back to Alexandria to be repacked, and the distance of the base from the scene of action gave them plenty of time. It has often been maintained that Sir Ian, knowing how formidable these preparations were, having been refused the customary reserves to fill up gaps, and being sent out suddenly without detailed preparation and destitute of trustworthy maps or any scheme of campaign, ought to have abandoned the project and demanded recall. General Callwell shows how impossible such a course would have been, not only to a soldier of Sir Ian's temperament, but to any officer entrusted with the task set him by Lord Kitchener. After quoting Lord Kitchener's orders that the passage of the Dardanelles must be forced, and if large military operations were needed to clear the way, they must be undertaken and carried through, General Callwell observes:—

"It would be difficult to raise objections at the last moment in face of instructions of this uncompromising character, even had the Commander-in-Chief come to the conclusion that the venture ought properly to be abandoned. It is easy for critics to say now—after the event—that this would have been the proper course to adopt. A soldier must be very sure indeed of his ground before he can be justified in taking up an attitude that will completely upset the plans that his Government have commissioned him to carry out in time of war."

As to the landings, the author is inclined to think that it might have been better to have put the combined force ashore along the coast from Suvla down to Gaba Tepe, or the French at Suvla and the British at Gully Beach and a beach a little further south. Certainly the former course would have kept the force connected, but the Navy was opposed to it, the beach just above Gaba Tepe was quite as strongly defended as Helles, and though Suvla was open, the cliffs between that and Gaba Tepe, where Anzac ultimately was, are terribly precipitous. By working up from the toe of the Peninsula at Helles, Sir Ian covered both his flanks by the sea, and counted on the assistance of the Fleet's guns, especially on the Xeros side. It is true that he may have overestimated the value of naval artillery against an enemy on land; most people (especially Mr. Churchill) overestimated that at the time; also that the appearance of submarines in May drove most of the heavy guns from the sea till the monitors arrived, and even their service was not vital. True besides that, like nearly everyone else, Sir Ian perhaps underestimated the power and skill

BRITISH GLASS INDUSTRIES LIMITED.

AN Extraordinary General Meeting of the Company was held at Winchester House, E.C., on January 28th, 1920.

Mr. C. Williamson Milne, the Chairman, said: Ladies and gentlemen, this meeting has been called for the purpose of considering, and, if approved, passing the resolution of which you have received notice.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BOARD: MR. HATRY'S APPOINTMENT.

As you may have noticed, while I have become the Chairman of the Company, we have elected Mr. Clarence C. Hatry, whose name will ever be associated with this great undertaking, to the position of President. To look after properly the varied interests of this great Combine now entails such an immense amount of work that it has become necessary to apportion it. For this reason we asked Mr. Hatry to accept the position of President of our Company, and he will occupy a similar position with United Glass Bottle Manufacturers Limited, succeeding Mr. Dixon Nuttall in that position. He will, in this capacity, be able to exercise a controlling influence over the financial policy of the whole combination of our interests, while the ordinary duties of the Chairman will devolve upon me. I am sure that shareholders will approve of this appointment. When I last addressed you I told you how greatly we were indebted to the energy and ability of Mr. Hatry for the satisfactory position in which we then found ourselves. Well, as I shall be able to show you in the course of a few minutes, our position is now immeasurably improved both in regard to immediate revenue and ultimate prospects, and for that it is impossible to over-estimate our indebtedness to Mr. Hatry for his devotion to our interests. I know that the work itself—or rather the result of the work, has been sufficient recompense to Mr. Hatry for the time and thought he has given to this business, for I know that from the start it was his ambition and determination to re-establish the glass industry in Great Britain, and to build it up into a position strong enough not only to resist the competition which in course of time is bound to come again from Continental countries, but also to enable it to compete in the markets of the world with all possible rivals. You will have noticed that our Board has been strengthened by the addition of Baron Henri de Rothschild, Sir Francis Towle, and Mr. George Alexander. Mr. Alexander is one of the Directors of United Glass Bottle Manufacturers Limited. I would take this opportunity of saying in public that we welcome Mr. Alexander's accession to our Board, and we feel sure his able advice and assistance will be invaluable, not only to us, but also to the greater interests which we now control. The two primary reasons which have influenced us in deciding to increase our capital to £2,000,000 are firstly, by the acquisition of the businesses referred to in our circular—the details of which I will give you directly—we shall secure for our Company a very large immediate increase of production, and thereby—a consideration which will appeal to shareholders—a large immediate increase of revenue. Secondly, we shall still further widen the basis of our undertaking, and by thus enlarging the scope of our operations in the various branches of glass production, will go far towards carrying out our programme of establishing this Company, British Glass Industries Limited, in the predominant position—not only in the British Empire, but in the world—for the manufacture of nearly all and every kind of glass. As I told you when I last addressed you, our business was then largely devoted to the establishment in this country of the industry of making glass jars and bottles, an industry which hitherto had been almost entirely in the hands of Continental countries, and to that, as you know, out of our last increase of capital, we added a very large interest in the manufacture of sheet or window glass through our holding in the British Window Glass Company Ltd., the shares of which we could readily sell at a substantial premium.

ACQUISITION OF NEW INTERESTS.

As you have seen from the circular which is in your hands, the new interests which we have acquired are so many and so various that I find it difficult to say which, if any, individual item will be of the greatest value to our undertaking, but perhaps the agreement marked "A" in the circular, covering the purchase of the controlling interest in the ordinary shares in United Glass Bottle Manufacturers Limited, is the most important and far reaching of all. This concern, which owns the entire share capital of the following companies, viz.:—Cannington, Shaw & Company Limited, St. Helens; Nuttall & Company Limited, St. Helens; Robert Candlish & Son Limited, Seaham; Alfred Alexander & Company Limited, Hunslet, Leeds; Aire & Calder Glass Bottle Works (E. Breffit & Company Limited), Castleford; Moore, Nettleford Company Limited, Woolwich, was, apart from our own undertaking, the largest combination of jar and bottle manufacturers in the United Kingdom, and the fusion of the two conflicting interests into one strengthens our position in a way which will be so obvious to all of you that it is unnecessary for me to enlarge upon it. In addition to the ownership of the six old-established businesses which I have just enumerated, this Company has

purchased thirty acres of ground at Charlton, near Woolwich, and is now erecting thereon gigantic new works, second only in latest useful automatic machinery is being installed, and the size to our own works at Canning Town. Every kind of the efficiency of the factory will equal that of any bottle making works in the United States. Through the agreement marked "B" in the circular, we have agreed to purchase the major portion of the share capital of Webb's Crystal Glass Company Limited, which gives us a controlling interest in the following businesses, viz.:—Thomas Webb & Son Limited (established 1837), Dennis Glass Works, Stourbridge; Edinburgh & Leith Flint Glass Company (established 1863), Edinburgh; Corbett & Company Limited (established 1911), Tutbury, Staffordshire; Medway Glass Works Limited, Queenborough, Kent (a large modern factory now being erected); Robert Johnston Lamp-Blown Glassware & Accessories Company Limited, London; R. Johnson & Company Limited (established 1860), London; and a substantial or a controlling share interest in the following:—Samuel Pearson (West Bromwich) Limited; E. M. Patents Limited, London, and Phillips Limited, London. This latter acquisition enables us to instal and use on favorable terms the semi-automatic machine known as The Empire Machine. This may not convey very much to my hearers, but those in the trade will realize the inestimable value which this purchase will be to our other works. These machines have been working very successfully at the Tutbury Works for over a year, and produce a better class of blown tumbler than has ever been made on the Continent. With these machines and the modern type of American Tank Furnace now being installed at the Medway Works, we shall be in a unique position for turning out enormous quantities of these goods, in addition to electric lamp bulbs and other articles which hitherto have been outside the scope of our operations. Thomas Webb & Sons were established as makers of Crystal Table Glass as far back as 1837, and have always held a leading position in that trade. In 1917 they commenced the manufacture of electric lamp bulbs and tubing, and so rapid has been the growth of this new branch, that last year upwards of 5,500,000 bulbs and eighty tons of tubing were manufactured and sold. We look to increase this considerably by the installation of automatic machines and additional furnaces.

PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE PROFITS.

I now come to the important question of profits, both present and prospective. As regards the latter I prefer to name no figures. I have endeavored to give you an accurate picture of our properties and of our programme, and you can each and all of you form your own ideas as to the probable results. I am content, speaking not only for myself but for my colleagues, to paraphrase Dr. Samuel Johnson's statement, and to say:

"We have here no mere collection of factories and furnaces, but the potentialities of wealth beyond the dream of avarice."

In dealing with profits I shall confine myself to present conditions and to our present comparatively restricted output, and on this basis our earnings should suffice to pay and maintain substantial dividends, not only on our present capital, but on the market capitalization, including the new issue. In estimating our future additional profits you must bear in mind—firstly, the results of our expenditure on our works at Canning Town—the largest glass works ever contemplated. These works are now approaching completion, and but for the moulders' strike a considerably larger portion would have already been in operation than is at present the case. Secondly, the factory now being erected at Charlton by the United Glass Bottle Manufacturers Limited, which is second in size to our own works only. Thirdly, the doubling of our works at Queenborough and the commencement of operations by British Window Glass Limited. Fourthly, the additional profits to be derived from the installation of improved automatic machinery in the majority of the old-established businesses referred to under the heading of "B" in our circular. There are other minor sources of additional profit which are already in sight, and which I need not particularize, but I may perhaps mention that negotiations have been concluded for the sale of our foreign patents, and this source alone should bring us in a very large sum in capital, royalties, or dividends. As regards the payment of a dividend, at the present time the accounts of all these different companies which form our combination are made up at so many different dates that it will take us some little time to regularize them and bring them all into line, so I will merely content myself with saying that we shall certainly be able to pay a dividend which will be satisfactory to every shareholder within the present calendar year. Further, I should like to point out to you that apart from the direct additional profit obtainable from each branch of manufacture added to British Glass Industries Ltd., that company will gain largely by the co-ordination and co-operation under one direction of so many highly-skilled experts in the different branches of the glass trade. The whole tendency of modern industry—at any rate, in the manufacture of articles, such as our products, for which there is a universal demand—is towards mass production in gigantic quantities. We have now in our service the very highest technical knowledge that it is

(Continued on page 651.)

of the Turkish resistance. But the real trouble lay, not in the place of landing, but in the almost impossible task of landing at all in the teeth of defences so long and so carefully prepared. As General Callwell admits, all soldiers were agreed that an opposed landing represented one of the most hazardous and difficult enterprises that a military force could be called upon to undertake. He justly adds that the achievements of the assailants were in some cases so brilliant and so extraordinary on that occasion that the incidents of that day of conflict can hardly be accepted as necessarily establishing tactical principles.

Then as to the terrible incident at dawn on August 9th—the crisis of the campaign, if one moment can be called the crisis. Major Allanson with his 6th Gurkhas and a party of the 6th South Lancashires had stormed the height known as Hill Q, just to our left of Chunuk Bair. They stood on the very summit of the contested ridge. The Straits and victory lay open before them. Down the reverse slope they were chasing the flying enemy. Suddenly into their midst a salvo of heavy shells burst, and shattered their advance. General Callwell has no doubt that the shells came from our own side, but he does not definitely say whether from the ships (as was believed at the time) or from our guns on shore down by the beach. From my knowledge of the country and from such evidence as I could get, I always inclined to think that they were fired by our howitzers near the beach, chiefly because only howitzer shells could burst on a reverse slope at that elevation. The disaster was simply due to a mistake in time. Either the howitzers turned their fire on to the reverse slope (as they were ordered) a few seconds too late, or Major Allanson's party advanced a few seconds too soon, as was likely at such a moment of apparent triumph. Anyhow, upon those few moments the fate of the campaign turned, and it turned against us. Combined with the failure of the IXth Corps to render the support due from Suvla, that accidental disaster frustrated the carefully designed (though too sanguine, General Callwell thinks) plan of assault upon the central mountain ridge in August, and with that collapse the active campaign in reality ended. It ended because the French had regarded it coldly throughout, and the British Government did not possess the strength of will to ensure its success by large reinforcements and so to shorten the war, as that might possibly have done, by two years, to say nothing of saving us from the surrender of Kut.

General Callwell examines and comments upon other incidents and the main causes of failure in a similar manner—the perpetual shortness both of men and ammunitions (“on paper the Commander-in-Chief disposed of a mighty army. He did not dispose of a mighty army in fact.”), the water question, and the personal interference of Sir Ian when the Suvla landing was dying of inertia on August 8th (an unfortunate interference, as things turned out). Some of his most interesting and useful comments are concerned with the skilful evacuation under General Birdwood. But I must content myself with quoting his final judgment on the campaign as a whole:—

“The most important lesson taught by the Dardanelles affair is that Governments should leave the contriving of military and naval operations to those who understand them, that they should make certain that plans of campaign have been exhaustively elaborated before these are put into action in face of the enemy, and that they must never allow the importance of an end in the conduct of war to blind them to an absence of the means requisite for securing that end.”

The book has some excellent maps, but no index, and that is a very serious deficiency.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

HUMANER LETTERS.

“Letters to X.” From H. J. MASSINGHAM. (Constable. 6s. net.)

THE main thread of this correspondence is a discussion on style. Mr. Massingham accepts De Quincey's incisive comment that style is not the dress of thought, but its incarnation; on this he builds his structure of theory. Particularly illuminating is the way in which he distinguishes between form and technique; shabby matter may be tricked out in the gauds of a smart technique, but it can

never attain good form, since form and content are indissolubly wedded. The comedies of Oscar Wilde come to mind as an obvious instance of the author's point; here is all the superficial brilliance of technique, but it is nothing more than parade. The doctrine of art for art's sake is so detestable a perversion of truth that one who played with it could never acquire the form of comedy that springs naturally out of life. Mr. Massingham's philosophy is simple in the best sense. Men should express in their life and letters their true form. Thus they should abjure the bustling, egoistical, and planned manoeuvres of success for a more instinctive, tolerant, and tranquil existence. Denying their vaunted superiority over the beasts of the field and accepting the unity of creation, they should find their place and keep to it. “Equanimity is magnanimity and quietness at long last is holiness. The man who to-day abides as still as any stone is setting the axe at the root of at least one of our modern diseases.” This is a common-sense creed and no abstract metaphysic, a synthetic philosophy to cover all human activity. And just because it is a simple, balanced, unpretentious faith, Mr. Massingham might sometimes, in obedience to his principles of style, prune the language in which he expounds it. For he is apt, if we may parody the fault, to set his panting allusions at too steep a hill and to whip his metaphors into a foaming sweat. “I mean to take a Curtian jump from off this airy pinnacle of epistolary light-headedness. I will even have the audacity to begin my headlong career on the hobby-horse of style.” There is something of the lash in it.

Again, as in “People and Things,” he drives his creed too far. In his letter on the pseudo-picturesque, an essay in which he gets to his fundamentals, he distinguishes between “the accidental things of life, such as politics, business, &c.,” and “the realities such as humanity, books, nature, &c.” But governing and marketing are part and parcel of life; they are just as real as reading or thinking. If they have been brutalized and abused by man, so too, as the author would gladly admit, have books and creeds been despitely handled until shoddy phrases have become lords of us all. Man does not live by bread alone, but he cannot entirely dispense with the baker. Mr. Massingham's dislike for the presuming minions of authority has driven him to be unfair to his own philosophy. Exchange and mart, ruling and being ruled, are perfectly natural and not accidental to life. The moral of his creed is not to relegate them to the outer darkness of accidents, but to purge them, even as he would purge humanity and books, of the corruptions that have stained them. Institutions are dangerous of course, but they are what we make them. To mould them to our own form, not to fly to a theoretic anarchism, is the logical deduction from the author's natural history view of life. This, however, is a minor grievance. For the main part the book is of books, but it is not bookish. Life abounds in it.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

“Saint's Progress.” By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

“Full Circle.” By MARY AGNES HAMILTON. (Collins. 7s. net.)

“The Edge of Doom.” By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY. (Lane. 7s. net.)

MR. GALSWORTHY's art has always derived its inspiration from the actual world. He has created, not by great imaginative gifts, but by the truth and exactitude of his observation. That is why, artistically speaking, he has been stunned by a war which even Mr. Wells has found to be too big for mere observation. For all Mr. Wells's war-books reveal him as driven by the sheer instinct of self-preservation to fly off on the wings of prophecy. Mr. Galsworthy is not facile enough for this sort of escape since he is pinned down firmly by a temperament which depends, above all things, on a sense of proportion. “Saint's Progress” is a sign that he is beginning to recover because it is, in every aspect of it, a search for proportion: a search, not a discovery. It cannot, for instance, be put in the same category with “Five Tales” because that little collection of masterpieces was

possible to obtain, and in order that no possible improvement may be omitted, we have drawn upon American experience, and in our new works chemists and engineers who have filled important positions in American glass factories are assisting in the arrangement of the plant. And now I wish to say a few words which really are not addressed so much to you shareholders as to the Press, and through them to the general public. It is no hyperbole to say that this great combination which we have built up is a national undertaking. And as such, while the interests of our customers and shareholders must always be our first consideration, we have also to bear in mind the interests of the nation. We claim to have deserved well of the British public in having re-established the business of glass making in this country in so inpregnable a position, and it is necessary that we should always carry their good opinion with us. I therefore wish to point out most emphatically that this combination which we have built up is not a Trust in the ordinary sense of the word, *i.e.*, a Trust established to eliminate competition with a view to raising prices. The assured profits of this great combination are already sufficiently large to satisfy the most exacting, and so far from wishing to raise prices we are convinced that the more we are able to lower them, the greater the advantages to the customers and the shareholders will be. Glassware is used in nearly every trade, and there is hardly an industry in this country which is not being hampered for the want of it. There can be no question that it is of great benefit to the country that the enormous supplies of glassware, which are wanted in every factory, in every shop, in every home should now for the first time be produced by British labor and British capital. Therefore, at the risk of repetition, I tell you that we are not seeking to increase prices—but rather by mass production and economical administration to increase supplies. The only competition which we are contending against is that of the foreigner. There are many other small independent glass factories in various parts of the country, and there is plenty of room for all of those which are able to work on sound modern and economic lines.

LABOUR AND THE INDUSTRY.

I now come to the question of labor. Just as we think that the capital employed in the production of glassware for British consumption should be British, so also do we think with equal conviction should the labor employed be British. The glass which in pre-war days came here in such enormous quantities was not only the product of foreign labor—but of cheap and sweated foreign labor. By re-establishing this industry on a large scale in this country, henceforth it will, I trust, be the product of well-paid British labor. Despite our modern automatic machinery in our new factories, we can find work, and well paid work, for thousands of men. And I want you to bear in mind that the introduction of machinery means eventually the employment not of fewer but of more men. It means the substitution of reasonable work under healthy conditions, at well paid rates, for arduous and exhausting work under bad conditions. I have already stated that the two main objectives of our combination are increased production and lower prices, and to these I add a third—higher wages and better conditions for labour.

THE CAPITAL REQUIRED FOR THE NEW ACQUISITIONS.

The total capital required to cover the acquisitions to which I have just referred, and to complete the projected extensions of our works at Canning Town, Queenborough, and elsewhere, together with the installation of the improved automatic machinery, is £2,800,000. £2,100,000 of this will be provided by the issue of 600,000 new shares, which will be offered share for share at £3 10s. 0d. to shareholders, and having regard to the price of our shares, this issue should in itself constitute a handsome bonus to shareholders. It is, of course, possible, and indeed probable, that in some cases shareholders will be unable to take up the shares to which they are entitled. But even in this case they should gain a handsome benefit, as the rights are transferable, and these should be saleable at a substantial price, as they were on a previous occasion. The remaining 200,000 shares now to be issued have been taken firm by the Commercial Bank of London at the same price, thereby providing the balance of £700,000. The Bank also have been given an option to subscribe for a further 50,000 shares on or before December 31st next at £5 per share.

And I would like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the Commercial Bank of London for the help they have rendered this Company from its inception. The Bank has not only been of invaluable service in introducing and helping with the negotiations for our new acquisitions, but it has always been ready with financial assistance when needed in the early stages of our Company, when there was considerable prejudice existing against a new construction proposition, involving such an immense outlay. I think I have now said sufficient to satisfy you that the proposals which we are putting before you are in the best interests of the Company and the shareholders, and I will therefore now move the formal resolution, and I will ask Sir Francis Towle to second it. Before putting it to the meeting, should any shareholder wish to make any remarks, or to ask any questions, I shall be pleased to answer them to the best of my ability.

The resolution increasing the capital of the Company was unanimously passed, and a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman and Directors terminated the proceedings.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE THREATENS FOREIGN MISSIONS

British Missionary Societies require
an increased annual income of

£500,000

to safeguard their widespread work
for Christ and Humanity.

Generous gifts are the
material basis of this work.

Regular prayer is the
spiritual basis.

In this time of special urgency all
Christian people are invited to arrange
meetings for prayer that the needs of
the situation may be fully met.

The following Missionary Societies are
co-operating in this appeal for your
immediate help in both directions:—

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
19, Fournival St., London,
E.C. 4.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
Salisbury Square, London,
E.C. 4.

FRIENDS' FOREIGN MISSION
ASSOCIATION,
15, Devonshire St., London,
E.C. 2.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
16, New Bridge St., London,
E.C. 4.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS,
32, Fetter Lane, London,
E.C. 4.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF
ENGLAND FOREIGN MISSIONS,
7, East India Avenue,
E.C. 3.

WESLEYAN METHODIST MIS-
SIONARY SOCIETY,
24, Bishopsgate, London,
E.C. 2.

simply a handful of flash-lights, but "Saint's Progress" is an attempt at full daylight. The scheme is not merely to throw light on the advent of a war-baby but, by means of certain characters who act as chorus, to come to some sort of understanding about the war. This fact explains why the book is a partial failure: it is a piece of sociology rather than a scrap of life. The theory of the forcing-house, that war heats up every passion to quick flowering and fruition, tells us why the parson's daughter forgot her training and tradition, it does not show us how she came to do so. To Mr. Galsworthy Noel is a specimen, a case, not a human child. The young girl escapes Mr. Galsworthy as she has always escaped novelists who are by temperament mere observers. When, however, we turn to Edward Pierson, her father, the "saint," we find Mr. Galsworthy almost at his best. This hesitant spirit, the parson, has strayed into this century by mistake; he is, besides, too much of a gentleman to be a real saint. But Mr. Galsworthy has always been a master-painter of that peculiarly exclusive class, the English "county" set. He has drawn it so well that, since we understand it, we have got to tolerate it. Mr. Galsworthy will go down in literary history as the man who made the "county" bearable—and that without telling lies about it. Pierson is a saint, then, of the English kind, a saint who shrinks from sinners and who is not human enough really to share his sorrows with "outsiders." He is a blunderer everywhere. In the glaring life of London in war-time he gropes like a bat bewildered by gas-flares. Like other blind "good" people, he is convinced that war makes us more brotherly, and of the wolf-packs baying across Europe he sees only the Prussian kind. Faintly sighing for the world of beauty that he finds in music and church-services, he persists in deciding other people's lives for them disastrously. It is a portrait of a gentleman painted in monochrome, for indeed the word "saint" used of a man who purses his lips at those hunted women whom the war authorities alternately persecute and encourage is a misnomer, however desperately he may cling to his faith. This faith is, in fact, rather an obstinate attitude than a creed. England, its self-deception, its respectability, and its failure in mental grip, is here. The only trait omitted is the vulgarity and smugness. But these are not old "county" attributes. Mr. Galsworthy's gift of fair play serves him well in "Saint's Progress"; we are made to feel, not Pierson's helplessness alone, but our own. Priest or statesman, socialist or thinker, are we not each as helpless as this English "saint" who was so good as to be good for nothing but to act as a touchstone for other people's forbearance?

The forcing-house air of "Full Circle" is supplied, not by war, but by the temperament of Wilfrid Elstree who, compared with Pierson, is like a grimy engineer beside a college don. Men differ in nothing so much as in driving-power, in the will to suck each experience dry. Wilfrid Elstree is like the current which works a power machine, and Miss Hamilton has done a rather rare thing—she has made us believe in his dynamic force. Nor has she failed with the family of brothers and sisters whose habit it is to savor experience. And the crude selfishness of climbers and plotters is as skilfully given. The whole drama of "Full Circle" takes place in the world of perception, rather than of action, yet the triumph of it rests in the fact that it is still dramatic. Events in the novel are never important, only the human reactions to them. In that way, the unconventionality of the whole is remarkable. Bridget Quihampton is seduced and deserted, but is made a woman by the process and a business woman at that, though she neither hardens nor falls out of love. And all through one believes in her. There is no climax at all except the crystallization of character. No more modern book than this could be conceived, for none of the values are conventional. It is so far removed from the usual scene-setting of time and class that it might have occurred anywhere—in Atlantis or in London. Yet it remains "real." Its tendency to fill out the moment's experience till it overflows will annoy many, but the whole is a triumphant proof of the success of the analytic style of portraiture.

"Edge of Doom" is an amazingly unequal piece of work. There is no conceivable connection between the cheap melodrama of the plot and the well described scenes at the front with which the story ends. It is hard to see how anyone with

a grain of artistry in him could have tacked on the tale of a villain lost in West Africa—of which Mr. Battersby has apparently no knowledge—to the war scenes. The description of the German boy singing in the trenches to the listening troops of both nations is a bit of description of which Barbusse himself need not have been ashamed. "If you can sing like that you have the world at your feet . . . That's what he had taken from him, and been given this instead . . . worse than a dog's death." The night in the shell-torn wood, the scene in the hospital tent, the finding of the subaltern with the crushed thigh are things seen. It is distressing to find good work like this slimed over with the incessantly repeated sentimentality of a love interest that has no possible concern with anything outside the pages of the most banal machine-made fiction. And incessant lapses from well-reported soldier talk into diatribes against "hunnishness" are not only wearisome but actually out-of-date.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Selections from Swinburne." By EDMUND GOSSE and THOMAS JAMES WISE. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

No doubt it is time that a selection from Swinburne should be published. He is no longer in fashion, and little read as a whole. For one thing, he wrote verse with a peculiarly beautiful though rather monotonous melody, so easily parodied that we have become almost as tired of "Dolores" as of the parodies themselves. And now-a-days melodious verse is set aside for prose, not even cut up into lengths, but printed in haphazard fragments and boasting itself "free." For another thing, Swinburne's poems are entirely literary, remote from the hard human experience which the years have brought to many of our young poets and readers. Swinburne never lived. He saw life only through literature. When his first rapture of youth was over, he had little more to say, though he kept on saying it. After his first three or four volumes, anything of real value needs digging out from a large amount of inferior pages. This the authors of the selections have tried to do, though one notices that the greater part of the poems are still from those early volumes. No one ever agrees about selections, and so we must let these stand. Of course, there is not room for all favorites, not even for the finest; but some sixteen pages are here given to the maudlin baby-stuff—the baby-twaddle that only a childless man would ever think of writing. And some twelve pages are given to the sham ballads in Northern or Scottish dialect which try to look primitive and poetic by writing "many" as "mony" and "sore" as "sair." How much better pleased we should have been to find those twenty-eight pages given to "The Leper," "Before a Crucifix," "The Halt before Rome," and the great chorus in "Atalanta" beginning, "We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair!" But as three other great choruses are given, we must not complain.

* * *

"A History of the Scottish Women's Hospitals." Edited by EVA SHAW McLAREN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

"I AM glad you are doing something useful at last," wrote a subscriber to Dr. Elsie Inglis in sending her a cheque to forward the project for Scottish Women's Hospitals. In this history we learn more than we could ever guess of what social service meant to the indomitable suffragist whose work of relief among the wreckage of Europe cost her her life. The story is given in the words of the women who did the work. Different writers deal with the organization of the units, the work in the Abbey of Royaumont and at Villers Cotterets, and the memorable days of defeat and recovery in Serbia, where, in January, 1915, the second unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals was sent to deal with the misery which followed the retreat of the Austrian "punitive expedition," who left behind them a typhus scourge and masses of wounded men. The long fight with typhus ended in April, 1915, and in the following November came the invasion which swept the Serbs out of their country. The Scottish women ministered to the refugees in Corsica, and were with the army again in the winning back of Serbia. The Scottish Women's Hospitals was a noble undertaking, and this history is a worthy memorial.

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL AND UNION BANK OF ENGLAND, LIMITED

Head Office: 15, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.

CAPITAL—Authorised £31,000,000

Paid up	£7,806,864
Uncalled	5,304,376
Reserve Liability	26,622,880
Subscribed Capital	£39,934,320

RESERVE FUND (invested in British Government Securities), £7,239,041.

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BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1919.

LIABILITIES.

CAPITAL—	
120,000 Shares of £25 each, £3 10s. paid	420,000 0 0
1,846,716 Shares of £20 each, £4 paid	7,386,864 0 0
	7,806,864 0 0
RESERVE FUND	7,239,041 0 0
	15,045,905 0 0
CURRENT, DEPOSIT AND OTHER ACCOUNTS, including rebate on Bills not due, provision for bad and doubtful debts, contingencies, &c.	251,751,125 4 1
ACCEPTANCES AND ENDORSEMENTS OF FOREIGN BILLS, on Account of Customers	5,966,448 9 4
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT:—	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, including £487,317 lls. ld. brought from year 1918	£2,752,801 5 0
Less Interim Dividend, 8 per cent. subject to deduction of Income Tax (£148,999 10s. 2d.) paid in August last	£487,393 0 5
Dividend of 8 per cent. subject to deduction of Income Tax (£187,364 14s. 9d.) payable 6th February next	£824,549 2 5
Transferred to Reserve Fund	£500,000 0 0
Transferred to Pension Fund	£350,000 0 0
Placed to Contingencies	£150,000 0 0
	2,121,942 8 10
Balance carried forward to 1920	630,858 16 2
	£273,396,337 9 7

ASSETS.

Cash at Bank of England, and at Head Office and Branches	£	s. d.
Money at Call and Short Notice	35,685,632	8 3
	10,997,503	12 2
	46,683,136	0 5
INVESTMENTS:—	£	s. d.
British Government Securities (including War Loans taken at Cost Price)	46,235,047	12 7
(Of these £182,639 17s. 6d. is lodged for public accounts)		
Indian and Colonial Government Securities; Debenture, Guaranteed, and Preference Stocks of British Railways; British Corporation, and Water Works Stocks	3,966,841	4 5
Canal, Dock, River Conservancy, and other Investments, including 31,250 Shares of the Yorkshire Penny Bank of £5 each, £3 paid	1,039,396	12 2
Lloyds and National Provincial Foreign Bank, Ltd., 12,000 Shares of £50 each, £20 paid	240,000	0 0
	53,521,285	0 2
BILLS DISCOUNTED, including Treasury Bills	23,943,769	4 1
ADVANCES on Current and other Accounts	132,773,729	7 5
ADVANCES against War Loans	7,588,157	3 0
LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS FOR ACCEPTANCES, &c., as per Contra	5,868,448	0 4
BANK PREMISES in London and Country	2,907,811	10 2
	£273,396,337	9 7

M. O. FITZGERALD, } Directors.
L. E. SMITH, }
FREDERICK ELEY, Director and General Manager.

A. G. HOPEWELL, } Joint General Managers.
L. E. THOMAS, }
A. E. LEWIS, }

As certified by the Auditors, William Barclay Peat and Nicholas Edwin Waterhouse.

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The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

CURRENCY questions are of such vital importance to-day that I feel it necessary to devote this week a good deal of space usually occupied by investment subjects to answering the question of a learned correspondent who puts the following conundrum. "It is asserted," he says, "that Government borrowings from banks produce inflation, whereas Government borrowings direct from the people's pockets do not. But," says my correspondent, "the banks operate with the people's money, so where does the difference come in?" Anyone who feels perplexity on this point cannot do better than read Mr. McKenna's speech at the London Joint City & Midland Bank's meeting last week, but as there are many people who are too busy to read long speeches, I will endeavor to summarize Mr. McKenna's argument so far as it touches this point. When the Government borrows direct from the public, the public contributes money saved by them out of their ordinary expenditure. To do so they draw upon their deposits with the banks in order to subscribe to the loans; and when the Government has spent the proceeds, the money filters back to the banks and fills up the gap in the deposits caused by public withdrawals for the purpose of subscription. Thus there is no resultant change in the purchasing power in the hands of the public.

When the Government borrows from the Joint Stock Banks, or, worse still, from the Bank of England, it is quite a different story. Joint Stock Banks when they lend to the Government draw on their balances with the Bank of England for the sums loaned to the Government. The Government receives the money, pays it out to contractors and others who, in turn, pay it into their own accounts at the banks. Thus customers' deposits with the banks are increased without there having been any previous and balancing withdrawal, and so Government finance by this method of borrowing from the Joint Stock Banks directly increases the purchasing power of the public in the shape of banking accounts, or, in other words, directly increases inflation.

When the Government borrows direct from the Bank of England itself the effect is one stage worse. The Bank of England creates for the Government a credit against which the Government draws the money which it pays out to contractors and other creditors. The recipients pay the money they receive into their own accounts at the bank, and up go bank deposits. As a result the Joint Stock Banks hold more money, which they in their turn pay into their accounts at the Bank of England, thereby increasing their cash balance. In this case there was no previous withdrawal from the deposits of the Joint Stock Banks nor from the banks' balances at the Bank of England, and there is therefore the addition of the exact amount borrowed by the Government both to the deposits over which the public have control and also to the Banks' balances at the Bank of England. The inflationary effect of this method is obviously twofold in its raising of prices and in increasing the purchasing power of the public. The subject is, to some extent, abstruse, and the main argument, which I have endeavored to trace above, admits of several qualifications, which Mr. McKenna, of course, examined in detail. It is as impossible to discuss the question adequately in a single column as to put a quart into a pint pot, and I hope that all my readers will endeavor to find time to study Mr. McKenna's speech in full.

EXCHANGES, MONEY, AND THE EXCHEQUER.

No improvement of the exchange position is in evidence, sterling having once more reached successive low records in New York. At the same time the Continental currencies have been weaker than ever; Belgian and French francs and Italian lire all went below previous quotations. On Tuesday the Chancellor of the Exchequer conferred behind closed doors with bankers and other signatories of the recent memorial to the Government on the exchange question. The

Chancellor is to report the result of the Conference to the Cabinet, who, it is hoped, will take steps to summon an international financial conference to discuss common action with regard to remedial measures. With regard to rupee exchange, which has been a continual source of anxiety to the authorities, a definite step has been taken this week, the Secretary of State for India having fixed the gold price of the rupee at ten to the sovereign. This announcement synchronised with the publication of an important report by the Indian Currency Committee. Before leaving the subject of exchange, I would like to add a word of warning to any of my readers who may be allured by the speculative attraction of buying depreciated currencies in the hope of a rise. Speculation in exchange, apart from causing a direct aggravation of the present serious position, is, in addition, an extremely risky proceeding. Following the break in American exchange, gold has reached the record price of nearly 126 shillings per ounce, while the silver quotation of 88½d., reached on Wednesday, is the highest ever recorded. The Money Market has been comfortable, and the discount market not greatly affected by the movements of the exchanges. The weekly return of National Revenue and Expenditure has welcome features. An initial step in the right direction has been taken by a reduction of over £9 millions in our external debt, while our domestic floating debt has been further contracted to the extent of £5½ millions. This latter contraction has been effected by a net reduction of £9½ millions in the amount of Treasury Bills outstanding, though £3½ millions have been added to Ways and Means advances. Mr. McKenna's explanation of inflation, which I have endeavored to summarize above, ought to draw close public attention week by week to these movements. I hear that the response to the Exchequer Bond issue is at present comparatively meagre as regards both conversions and new money.

STOCK MARKETS MOVEMENTS.

Monday was a busy day as usual on the Stock Exchange, and markets, with the exception of Foreigners, on the whole have been less under the influence of the exchanges than might have been expected. Industrials have been somewhat unsettled, but Bradford Dyers and Liptons have been among the securities well supported, and Nitrates have continued the rise to which I drew attention last week. Oil shares have been inclined to falter, attention being unevenly distributed, but some of the favorites continued strong till mid-week. There have been one or two good spots among rubber shares, though the market generally has been a little easier on a relapse in the price of the raw material. The Home Railway market provided a surprise, the first of the announcements of dividends and results breaking through the apathy that has recently hung over the market. Particularly noteworthy was the declaration of 4 per cent. on Second Chathams, which caused a jump of ten points in that stock. Home Rail dividend announcements will come thick and fast in the next day or two, and I will defer further discussion until next week. Argentine rails are attracting attention in view of good traffic figures, and some stocks have risen substantially during January. I show below traffic increases for thirty weeks as compared with the same period a year ago, together with recent price movements:—

		Aggregate Receipts 30 weeks, 1919-19.	Increase on similar period of previous year.	Prices of Ordinary Stocks.		
				End of 1919.	Feb. 3, 1920.	Change.
(G) Gross Receipts.						
(N) Net Receipts.						
Argentine N. Eastern (G)	350,500	74,800	31	37	+6	
Buenos Ayres Pacific* (G)	4,422,000	866,000	71	69½	-1½	
Cordoba Central* (G)	1,843,200	467,470	18	16½	+1½	
Entre Rios (G)	689,300	100,000	40	45½	+5½	
Buenos Ayres Gt. Stn.* (N)	1,799,000	1,009,000	80	85	+5	
Buenos Ayres Western (N)	1,008,000	530,000	87½	87	-½	
Central Argentine (N)	1,555,100	1,006,200	71	71	—	
	• 31 weeks.					

These traffic figures are converted in the above table at the par of exchange, so that the position, in view of the height of Argentine exchange, is better than it appears from the above table.

L. J. R.

